

Zion's Herald.

VOLUME LXXI.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21, 1893.

NUMBER 25.

Zion's Herald.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE
Boston Wesleyan Association,
36 Bromfield St., Boston.

CHARLES PARKHURST, Editor.
ALONZO S. WEED, Publisher.

Stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.
Price, including postage, \$2.50 per year.

Specimen Copies Free.

MATTHEW SIMPSON.

THE ELOQUENT PREACHER,
THE GREAT COMMONER,
THE IDEAL BISHOP,
OF THE
Methodist Episcopal Church.

A MEMORIAL NUMBER.

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UNFADING MEMORY PICTURES.

PRESIDENT W. F. WARREN.

LINGERING in my memory are many pictures in which Bishop Simpson is the central figure. The first of them all represents him as he looked in the pulpit of the Garrisonkirche, in Berlin, one Sunday in September, 1857. On invitation of the King of Prussia, under the auspices of the Evangelical Alliance, a Great World Conference of Christian believers out of all lands had gathered in the Prussian capital. The clergy of the Prussian State Church and of all the State churches of Germany were re-called at the King's noble proposal to fraternize with all true believers irrespective of nationality, color, or ecclesiastical pedigree. Gladly would the State Church authorities have closed every door to the representatives of what they were pleased to despise as the "American sects," but by their own law and teaching their King bore rightful divine authority over the kingdom. Furthermore, the Garrisonkirche was not an ordinary parish church, but one over whose use the King personally had absolute and sole control. So when by royal order it was opened for the sermon of Bishop Simpson and for the deliberations of this ecumenical conference of Christian believers,

it was an event of high historic significance. Nor need I say that the Bishop's discourse on Christian Unity, delivered amid such surroundings, and before a congregation representing every continent, was itself historic. Another picture bears date a few days later. At his magnificent palace in Potsdam King Frederick William IV. is receiving the Bishop and thirty-one other Americans, all of them members of the Evangelical Alliance. Ex-Governor Wright, of Indiana, at that time United States Ambassador at Berlin—the first Methodist ambassador that court had ever seen—presents the guests. Bishop Simpson is presented. The King extends his hand and greets him cordially.

"And what is your diocese?" inquired the King in his friendly manner, and in good English.

"My church is not divided into dioceses," replies the Bishop.

"And yet is an Episcopal Church? That is very interesting. I beg you to explain it to me."

So the Bishop gives the King his first lesson in the peculiar polity of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The King soon instances the Moravian system of general superintendency, and inquires as to its degree of resemblance to the Bishop's own. The Bishop explains, and then, at length, the panorama moves on.

Another picture is of an out-door Roman Catholic service before the statue of Saint Nepomuck in one of the squares of ancient Prague—but I cannot pause to describe it.

Another is of a little group of four or five Hungarian patriots assembled one night behind bolted doors in the house of the recent pastor at Kossuth in Buda-Pesth; another presents him on the steamer deck peering out into the dimness of the earliest dawn that he may feast his eager eyes upon the dark outline of holy Patmos; another shows him landing at Beyrout in the morning shadow of Lebanon, a sick man with his arms stretched out over the shoulders of two supporting companions; in another anticipating death, and having received his last messages of affection for his surviving family, I sit in that far-off Orient a watcher at his bedside, as through the long night the lingering hours lapse silently into eternity; in another we are on the top of the Matterhorn; in another we are in the great city of the New World; in another we are kneeling in the Holy Sepulchre.

Where shall I close the enumeration? Multitudes remain—some in Egypt, some in Greece, some in the Mediterranean Isles, some in Maine, some in Ohio, some in Indiana, some in Boston. I would close with that fadeless picture of his farewell words to the church, and to the world, on the platform of the closing General Conference of 1884, were I not sure that in the present memorial paper other pens will give it greater prominence than my remaining space permits.

He is gone. As the news reached us, all who knew him best felt that a great leader in church and in state had passed away. As the great preacher of his generation he was known to all the people, but those who were aware of the work he had done toward saving the nation's life, and what he had done to re-constitute the great Church he served, felt like adapting to him the words:—

O friends, our chief church-oracle is mute!
Mourn for the man who long enduring stood,
The statesman-churchman, moderate, resolute,
Whole in himself a common good.

Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambition's crime,
Our greatest, yet with least pretence,
In council great, and great in war,

The foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.

O good gray head which all men knew,
O voice from which their omens all men drew,
O iron nerve, to true occasion true,—
That tower of strength, oh, fallen at length,

Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew!
Boston University.

AUTHENTIC GLIMPSSES.

REV. WILLIAM V. KELLEY, D. D.
Editor Methodist Review.

IN the spring of 1874 a young man was brought from Buffalo and appointed pastor of Spring Garden Street Church, Philadelphia. It was his first large city pastorate, and this was Bishop Simpson's home church; his family were members of it, his residence near by. The young pastor, knowing the great Bishop only in a distant way and by his overshadowing reputation, stood in awe of him and shrank with dread from the prospect of preaching before that matchless master of the Methodist pulpit. His apprehensions were intensified by his knowledge that Bishop Simpson had seen fit in the exercise of his godly judgment to advise the church against asking for a transfer, his opinion being overruled by Bishops Scott and Wiley, who had official charge of the matter. The pastorate opened in March. The Bishop was away holding Conferences. Along in May, after the semi-annual meeting of the Bishops was over, one Sunday morning as the pastor, not so well prepared as usual and unaware of the Bishop's return, was beginning the service, he saw to his dismay the white-haired Bishop enter by the door at the side of the pulpit and drop quietly into a chair in the altar. While the hymn was being sung the pastor went down and greeted the Bishop, inviting him to preach, which he declined to do, but added, "If it will be any help to you, I will make the opening prayer." The frightened young minister knelt behind the praying Bishop, and heard a prayer so simple, holy and uplifting, so sympathetic and gentle toward himself, as of a father praying for his son, and withal so hopeful for

God's blessing on the new pastorate, that his quaking heart took courage and grew quiet in the conviction that this Prince of the Church was too great and affectionate to do anything but pray for his young pastor and help him in every way. It was not many months before the Bishop's presence, so oppressive at first, came to be only an encouragement and an inspiration; and in due time the pastor learned how priceless a gift to a young man is the communicative friendship of a great man—great in experience, wisdom, power and godly character, yet unaffected and candid in friendly personal intercourse. The only pertinency of this narrative here is such glimpse as it gives of the character of Bishop Simpson and such seal as it puts on the authenticity of other things here related concerning him. By the history here narrated one man ascertained, as others did in other ways, that behind the dazzling and imposing front of our great Bishop's official and public fame was a heart as simple, genuine and pure as the heart of a little child; inside a manhood as sturdy as Gladstone's, a gentleness like Florence Nightingale's.

In his home
Bishop Simpson was Sunshine.

Wordsworth would have said, "A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows." A friend wrote of Lord Holland that he always came down to breakfast

crag, his mind was elate, swift, keen-eyed and wide, circling among the altitudes and magnitudes of great and summoning occasions. In Philadelphia there are traditions of public addresses by Bishop Simpson on patriotic themes in the years of the Civil War which were as tremendous in effect as can have been those Demosthenic appeals under which Athens shouted, "Lead us against Philip!"

A scholar and a student, Simpson was capable of critical and elaborate preparation, but in his episcopal years official work and incessant public utterance did not permit it, nor was he dependent on it. His Yale lectures and sermons at Cornell and before the Ecumenical Conference in London were written out; but usually nothing was on paper beyond a bare outline, clearly planned and comprehensive. Compared with the Macaulay-like brilliancy of Pausanias's orate rhetoric, Simpson's was unstudied, simple and direct. New-born freshness and extraordinary spontaneity characterized his utterance. There was nothing artful in his oratory. Usually there had been no rehearsing, even mentally, of details of language or manner. Beyond a mere outline of thought all was of the moment inspirational. He passed with easy mastery from one great occasion to another, never apparently oppressed or nervous. When his anxious wife, not having seen him make preparation, would say, "Are you ready?" he would answer cheerily, "I

do not know; I'll just have to do the best I can and let it go."

In April, 1864, the New York East Conference met in Hartford, Simpson presiding. On Sunday morning a company of Wesleyan University students, up from Middletown for the Bishop's sermon, heard a stranger say as he left the Allyn House for the Asylum Street Church, "I'm going to hear the Napoleon of the Methodist pulpit this morning."

From that day those boys have memories of an eloquence that was imperial and overwhelming, a preacher who was

Absolute Monarch of the Hour.

Beginning with a bowed posture and gentle look, he was soon erect, his frame dilated with the strong swelling of sacred emotion, his countenance took on a look of stress and intensity, his whole air was majestic and commanding, while voice, thought and feeling moved on to their holy conquest. While there was not so much of startling surprise and studied ambuscade as in Durbin, there were successive climaxes as of gathered waves that crest in ecstasy. Out from the eye of Durbin when its drooping lids opened quick and wide came an unexpected something like the leap of a glittering sword from a lack-lustre scabbard. Simpson's more gradual crises culminated with an effect like the first thunder-clap from a preparing sky, so near that flash and crash are simultaneous. Subtle presentiments made us aware that something was coming, and nerves were tense with the delicious dread of some glorious catastrophe. The air was tremulous with suppressed excitement; thought and emotion heated almost to the flame-point waited for the spark that must set all ablaze. It was sure to come, and the audience caught like a sex of inflammable oil in which great billows heaved by submarine explosions came and went. Then until the end the breath of his mouth was as the wind upon a burning prairie.

Eloquence is a mysterious force, electric and inexplicable. It treats us as we were treated in the natural philosophy room in old college days. Our attention quietly holds the handles while the lecturer turns the crank and whirled the plate-crystal wheels around against the rubbers without sensible result beyond an intensifying expectation, until an instantaneous surprise darts through us like fire and we feel the power. The pastor of one of the largest New York city congregations writes: "Few men are eloquent nowadays, either in pulpit or at the bar or in public life. Eloquence is becoming a lost art."

Oratory of various qualities abounds, but it

is not realized how rare a gift genuine eloquence is. One human package of it to a generation is in any region a large allowance.

Sebastian del Piombo writes to Michael Angelo begging him to return to Rome, because "It does not rain Michael Angelos." Great was the wealth and equal is the loss of Methodism, for it does not rain Matthew Simpons. He had the tongue of fire, the genius of eloquence, the magnetic gift of power, under which assemblies are in a virtually hypnotic state of subjection; seeing, thinking, believing and feeling what the preacher wills they shall. Noble discourses his published sermons are, but that which made his preaching supreme and over-mastering is not in type. No student reading them would adequately or approximately conceive his power.

The might of eloquence is spiritual; the problem of it as insoluble as that of music. Ideas do not furnish it; mere words cannot convey it. The boy Heinrich Heine said of the old French drummer in his father's household: "When he talked about liberty I did not understand, but when he played the Marsellaise on his drum, then I understood." Sentences and talk are one thing; the roll of drums and blast of bugles, like the throb and thrill of vivid and electric eloquence charged with occult spiritual and elemental power, are another thing. The difference is a matter of experience, though not of definition, to Heine and to us.

New Haven, Conn.

BRIEF ESTIMATES OF THE MAN AND
HIS PREACHING.

Bishop John F. Hurst

FEW men in history have filled such an important place as Bishop Simpson. With rare gifts by nature, he combined equally rare gifts of grace. He was singularly prophetic in vision. He seemed to see what the masses of people whom he led only hoped for. His purpose was as lofty as the stars, while in toll and sympathy he was brother to the lowliest toiler. His magnificent eloquence the world could see and promptly acknowledge. But in the sublime skill of management and counsel he was none the less masterful.

Washington, D. C.

Bishop John H. Vincent.

Bishop Simpson was a large man. He reached his best at the time of the nation's greatest peril. By his broad views and sympathies, by his marvelous foresight, by his magnetic and overpowering eloquence, by the confidence which his simple and vigorous manhood commanded, he was able to counsel the leaders and to inspire the people. To his great natural ability he added a singularly simple and potent faith in God. He was like a child, a woman, and a man—all one. When the war broke out, he was my guest for part of a day in Galena. He said in the evening: "This war now coming on will be of great service to Methodism." I expressed my surprise, and asked an explanation. He said, substantially: "Trouble and bereavement drive the masses of the people to the church for consolation, and especially to the Methodist Church, for we are in sympathy with the common people. Methodist preachers, coming directly from the people, will be more sympathetic, and will be called upon to attend more funerals and visit homes in hours of suffering. We have, moreover, a great deal of undeveloped material that Methodism has lifted up from the lowly places. Men of ability within our churches will have a chance to come to the front and render great service to the nation." We were, at the time of his speaking, within a very short distance of the house of Captain U. S. Grant, a leather leader in the city of Galena, and a regular attendant twice a day at our service. This simple incident illustrates a striking feature in the character of Matthew Simpson.

Buffalo, N. Y.

Prof. Charles J. Little, D. D.

Bishop Simpson was in appearance and in reality a Saxon nature strongly tinged with Celtic qualities. The rugged form and reddish hair reminded one of the Scottish Highlander; the shrill but powerful voice thrilled the nerves like the tones of the bagpipe, while its peculiar and plaintive cadences stirred one easily to tears. He was Celtic, too, in the vividness with which he conceived the scenes that he described, and in the lyrical delight with which he portrayed them. But he was a Saxon in his self-restraint and self-command, in his firm grasp of fact, in his eagerness for actual and permanent results, in his recognition of real difficulties in the minds of his listeners, in the breadth and frankness of his reasoning, in the simplicity of his language and of his illustrations. His eyes, too, were gray, not blue; they glowed in moments of great excitement in a steady, powerful, commanding gaze. They did not flash and sparkle or emit flames; they blazed and conquered. He spoke to his hearers like one reading their thoughts, anticipating their objections and beating back their difficulties; he spoke to them, also, as one having authority, as one confident of his right to control their destinies by his persuasive speech, as one confident of the value of the experience into which he would carry them by the sweep of his own soul. For the Celtic-Saxon was transfigured in such moments with celestial power.

He was not always thus. Indeed, I ventured once to suggest to him that the great preacher was being consumed by the paralytic cares which his office and his reputation

accumulated about him. I thought so then; I think so now. Yet there were many compensations for him in this constant contact with men and affairs. Nevertheless, it was only in certain supreme moments that one could take the measure of the man; moments when nervous energy and intellectual fullness, the stress of a great cause, the presence of a great opportunity, the consciousness of a divine message, and the assurance of a divine support, combined (if I may use a favorite metaphor of his) to make a compound flame in which even hearts of steel were melted to a flowing stream.

Evansville, Ill.

Rev. C. C. McCabe, D. D.

In the year 1864 the Ohio Conference met at Chillicothe. The Cincinnati Conference met at Greenfield, twenty miles away. It was resolved to hold a joint session and listen to an address by Bishop Simpson who presided over the Cincinnati Conference. The meeting came off in the afternoon. On the morning of that day the ladies of the church in Chillicothe brought me the blood-stained and shot-riddled standard of the 731 Ohio, and requested me to present it to the Conference, as the Conference had resolved to hold its sittings under the flag.

I took the flag, carried it to the front, and simply recited its history. The preachers were greatly moved by the simple statement of the battles through which that flag had been carried.

In the afternoon, at the union meeting of the two Conferences, Bishop Simpson delivered his address upon "Our Country." The effect was wonderful. In all my life I never saw an audience so profoundly stirred. When delivering the peroration he suddenly turned and seized that tattered flag and made an address to it which so thrilled the congregation that every man, woman and child in it sprang simultaneously to his feet as though some one had given the command to rise. For fully an hour five hundred preachers seemed almost beside themselves. They shouted and cheered and waved their hats and handkerchiefs.

The occasion will long be remembered as the grandest triumph of human eloquence ever known in this country.

New York City.

President J. W. Bashford.

Bishop Foster and Canon Liddon seemed to build up from the earth to the heavens, piling argument upon argument like giant layers of the Pyramids. Once I thought Foster reached heaven in one of his famous sermons, and I should not have been surprised had his body disappeared. Simpson and Brooks, upon the contrary, were prophets speaking out of the heart of God. They dwelt in the heavens, and reached down from heaven to earth. Brooks dwelt more continually in the first heaven than his great compeer, but Simpson at times reached the third heaven with bursts of eloquence which I never heard Brooks equal. In addition to his prophetic fire Simpson had a wonderful knowledge of human character and a remarkable grasp of the principles which underlie the church and the republic. It was this blending of the prophet and the statesman which made him the greatest Bishop our church has thus far known.

Ohio Wesleyan University.

Rev. Sanford Hunt, D. D.

The first time that I ever heard Bishop Simpson preach was at the session of the Genesee Conference held in Batavia, N. Y., in 1853. He had been in the episcopal office a little more than a year, and his fame had reached Western New York, and crowds came from a great distance to hear him preach on Sunday morning. As there was no church in the village that would accommodate the people, a tent had been secured which was reported capable of accommodating three thousand. I heard Bishop Simpson preach perhaps a score of times or more, but I never heard him equal that first sermon. His subject was, "Christian Unity." His voice was monotonous, and he was not especially distinguished as a logician, but there was an "unction" in his address that convinced one that he was deeply in earnest. He was not a rhetorician, like Bishop Bascom, who could bewilder one with his adjectives, but somehow there was a power that swept the audience to an extent that I had never seen before, and have never seen since. He did not produce that kind of excitement that would naturally expend itself in shouts. The strongest minds and hearts were overwhelmed with a subdued power that moved to tears.

At the General Conference of 1860 he preached in St. James Hall where the Conference held its sessions, on two Sabbath afternoons. The most distinguished lawyers of Buffalo, as well as the pastors of the various churches, were present. His sermons were referred to by these men years afterward as the most remarkable of anything that was ever heard in Buffalo. During the last ten years of his life I heard him several times; but, while deeply interesting, he had lost something of his old-time power.

As a lecturer he was not especially at home. His peculiar power to move the heart could not be brought to bear upon the platform. I was with him at various times in the cabinet, and he was full of kindness of heart and sympathy for the preachers whom he was obliged in many cases to appoint to difficult fields. On the whole, I may have no hesitation in saying that, by common consent, he stood at the head of the American pulpit during his life. His record is an honor to Methodism.

New York City.



Bishop Simpson.

Simpson Memorial.

BISHOP SIMPSON AND THE SLAVERY QUESTION.

REV. JAMES M. KING, D. D.

THE attitude of Bishop Simpson toward the slavery question was the attitude of the Methodist Episcopal Church and of the most enlightened Christian conscience and the most advanced Christian purpose in the nation.

Christianity, in teaching the brotherhood of man and in putting a priceless value on each human being, undermined human slavery. "Where the Spirit of Christ is, there is liberty." Slavery had aroused the pride of class, blinded the intellects of otherwise good men, perverted judgment, prostituted the powers of statesmanship and demoralized the church bearing the name of Christ, until the institution came to be defended as humane and Christian. Christianity, by stimulating the conscience, by increasing human sympathy, by awakening the intellect with visions of horror and injustice, struck at the oppression of a fellow-being and forced the incorporation of its principles in laws and institutions.

Garrison at an early period in the controversy had said: "Emancipation must be the work of Christianity and the church." The Quakers were the first religious body in this country to oppose and denounce slavery from religious grounds, and they were often inconsistent. The Methodist Episcopal Church next in order of time condemned the system of human bondage, but afterwards was corrupted by its power, and the moral force of the church was emasculated by compromising legislation of the following kind: "Let all our preachers, from time to time as occasion serves, admonish and exhort all slaves to render due respect and obedience to the commands and interests of their respective masters."

Matthew Simpson was a delegate and learner at the General Conference of 1844 when slavery disrupted the church. As an editor, a few years later, his discussions of the vital national issue attracted the attention of the men who were later on to be with him the advisers of Lincoln. Bishop Simpson was

Uncompromising in His Antislavery Sentiments;

but with the painful memories of 1844 pressing upon him, he shrank from another division of the church, which seemed imminent in the border States because of the action of the General Conference of 1860 condemning slavery and slave-holding. His biographer tells us that "the record of his opinions" at the pivotal year of 1860, when slavery was threatening the unity of the church and of the nation, is meagre, and that information from "his correspondence here again fails." But the final struggle between freedom and slavery hastens on, and Simpson, the antislavery patriot, citizen, minister and prophet, is to the front as the Christian statesman, and leader of the church whose founder had pronounced human slavery to be "the sum of all villainies." No preacher of Simpson's quality ever espoused the cause of human slavery. Eloquent rhetoricians and accomplished eloquentists may have done it; but such a master of man's emotional nature, such a monarch of the human heart, such a ruler of conscience, and such a sovereign of the soul—never!

Bishop Simpson's chief relation to the slavery question after the civil war began was that of counselor, adviser and friend of the emancipator and the war minister. Lincoln consulted Simpson in matters pertaining to public sentiment and to the great moral and religious issues of the war for the preservation of the Union, which issued in the abolition of slavery. Lincoln in many matters valued his advice above and beyond that of his cabinet council, as he proved in more than one instance. In 1861 Bishop Simpson assured Lincoln that emancipation must be the issue of the war, and he sustained Fremont in his order emancipating the slaves of all persons in arms against the government—an order which caused the removal of Fremont from his command, despite the historic fact that in a spirit of prophecy Lincoln had long before declared that "the Union cannot permanently endure half-slave and half-free," and had given the following definition of the political injustice of slavery: "When the white man governs himself, that is self-government; but when he governs himself and also governs another man, that is more than self-government—that is despotism." He was the

Personal Giant Christian Force

present at the time of the tide-turning in our nation's history and in the history of modern Christian civilization, and by his faith and courage did much to turn it toward God and eternal righteousness. He helped to start the music of breaking chains and the melodies of emancipation's songs of gratitude. He aided in securing the recognition of God in the historic proclamation of emancipation.

Secretary Chase suggested the closing sentence of the Emancipation Proclamation. His diary says: "Looking over old papers, I find many of my memoranda of the war, and among them my draft of a proclamation of emancipation submitted to Mr. Lincoln the day before his own was issued. He asked all of us for suggestions in regard to its form, and I submitted mine in writing, and among other sentences the close as it now stands, which he adopted from my draft with a modification. It may be interesting to see precisely what I said, and I copy it. You must remember that in the original draft there was no reference whatever to divine or human sanction of the act. What I said was this at the

conclusion of my letter: 'Finally, I respectfully suggest that on an occasion of such interest there can be no imputation of affectation against a solemn recognition of responsibility before man and before God, and that some such clause as this will be proper: "And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution (and of duty demanded by the circumstances of the country). I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God.'" Mr. Lincoln adopted this clause, substituting only for the words enclosed in parentheses these words, "upon military necessity," which I think was not an improvement." When Mr. Lincoln, in September, 1862, read the Emancipation Proclamation in cabinet meeting, and Mr. Chase suggested its last sentence, "Why, that is just what Bishop Simpson said," remarked Lincoln. During the period of doubt and indecision before issuing the Emancipation Proclamation, Lincoln consulted no member of his cabinet, but it is pretty well settled by circumstantial evidence that he did consult Simpson.

Lincoln and his great war minister, Stanton, always attended on Simpson's ministry when opportunity afforded. Lincoln used Simpson on occasion as a power to mold into gentler type the stern Stanton. It is recorded that he prayed often in the war office of Stanton, through which the papers for the destruction of slavery passed. In January, 1863, Secretary Stanton asked Bishop Simpson to examine the condition of the slaves and make suggestions to the government, but he declined because of the pressure of official duties.

The Methodist Episcopal Church of Asbury's time was the first organized religious body to extend salutations and assurances of loyalty to Washington, the creator of the Republic by the power of arms; and the Methodist Episcopal Church of Simpson's time extended its salutations and assurances of loyalty to Lincoln, the savior of the Republic by the power of emancipation.

The address to President Lincoln by the General Conference of 1864 of the Methodist Episcopal Church said: "We believe that our national sorrows and calamities have resulted in a great degree from our forgetfulness of God and oppression of our fellow-men." "We pray that the time may speedily come when this shall be truly a republican and free country, in no part of which, either State or Territory, shall slavery be known."

In the Academy of Music, New York city, on Nov. 3, 1864, when speaking for the re-election of Lincoln, one of the most momentous events both in the history of the nation and of the man, Simpson's voice inspired patriotism and pushed on emancipation. He was "the evangelist of patriotism, having the whole land for his field." Simpson said: "I have one more impression, that if this war lasts much longer, slavery will be damaged. It is seriously damaged now, and I hope and desire that it may pass away quickly and let us see the last of it." "If while we are striking blows at the rebellion, slavery will come and put its black head between us and the rebels, then let it perish along with them." "It has been demonstrated in this war that a blue coat can make a hero even of a sabbie skin. The black men have long ago learned to follow the stars; they have followed the north star successfully, and now it is shown that they can follow, as well as any others, the stars that are set in our glorious flag."

In his address at the funeral of Lincoln he said: "Here and there, too, as sincere and warm as any that drop—which come from the eyes of those whose kindred and whose race have been freed from their chains by him whom they mourn as their deliverer." "The great act of our dead President on which his fame shall mold away, is that of giving freedom to a race." "We are thankful that God granted to Abraham Lincoln the decision and wisdom and grace to issue his proclamation of freedom." "Standing, as we do today, by his coffin, let us vow, before heaven, to eradicate every vestige of human slavery, to give every human being his true position before God and man."

The war ended, the Union preserved, the slaves emancipated, the Liberator buried, Bishop Simpson turned his great, warm, fraternal and yearning heart toward his Southern brethren who had been alienated by the bitter and bloody controversy; while at the same time he stoutly defended the rights of the emancipated, and labored for their mental, moral and religious elevation.

The great Bishop and the greater man was the modern leader of the largest organized Christian power in our American civilization, of which emancipated, sovereign and crowned manhood is the chief glory.

New York City

*Dr. Crooks' "Life of Bishop Simpson," published by Harper & Brothers, to which we are indebted for many of the facts of this article, will make a more intelligent and loyal citizen of every reader.

BISHOP SIMPSON AND LAY REPRESENTATION.

JUDGE G. O. REYNOLDS.

I CAN boast of no such intimacy with the Bishop as would enable me to say anything new to those who have studied the subject, but it is a pleasure to recall the signal and decisive efforts which he made to bring the laity into more efficient relations to the church. Most people were, and are now, accustomed to think of Bishop Simpson simply as a great orator and a great preacher. Not only is this true of the general public, who were attracted by the exhibition of his

brilliant and magnetic qualities on the platform and in the pulpit, and by the wealth of his emotional and moral nature, but the probability is that the great majority of the members of our church regarded him in the same light. But the fact is, he was much more than that; he was broad, sagacious, keenly foresighted, statesmanlike. His eloquence was the vantage from which he wielded the influences which belonged to these other powers of his mind.

It was such a man that, with the added weight of his official position, espoused the cause of those who labored to bring about lay representation in the supreme council of the church. It was at first, and for a considerable time, an unpopular and a suspected cause. With a wise and a comprehensive forecast of the future, Bishop Simpson saw that the continued development and prosperity of the church was largely involved in the issue, and notwithstanding all traditions to the contrary, he gave himself with splendid courage to the side which he believed to be in the right. But he did not throw away his caution. He was prudent, and he counseled prudence, patience, forbearance. This temper of his mind was very conspicuous in the address which he delivered before the convention of laymen, held at St. Paul's Church in New York, May, 1863, as given by Dr. Crooks in his life of the Bishop. But he did not hesitate to declare his sense of the urgency of the proposed change. He said: "We have no security for the permanent peace of the church but in the introduction of the lay element, and I believe that will give us peace."

For one thing, he wanted the church to have, on all financial and business questions, the advantage of the experience and wisdom of the laity. "I want them side by side with the ministry, and I would defer to their judgment in business as they defer to mine in theology." He foresaw, too, what has come to pass, that laymen would be

A Conservative Element in the General Conference

On this point he said: "Ministers necessarily, as a body of men, are moved by a common impulse. Looking at things, as we do, from one point, we are liable to sudden excitement, moving us just as other classes of men are moved. We seem to require that there should be some other element in some way to come in and give us the kind of stability that mankind look for in a perfect legislative body. . . . The result would be that the laity might lock the ministry, and the ministry might lock the laity, and the church be kept more permanently just where it is. It might be opposed to progress, but it would certainly be opposed to innovation. I want to leave the church in its great outlines to my children, as my parents left it to me. I look with deep interest to this very element of lay representation in our General Conference to guard against possible changes in the future."

This confidence in his lay brethren which he felt in advance, he did not fail to manifest when they came up to take part in the lawgiving power of the church. The writer was a member of every General Conference in which Bishop Simpson met lay delegates, and he can testify from observation and experience that he welcomed them heartily, confidently, and with all the respect due to their ability and devotion. It ought to be said that this was true of most, perhaps of all, of the Bishops, but it must have been peculiarly gratifying to Bishop Simpson when he saw the first-fruits of a reform which he had so courageously and efficiently advocated and expedited.

When the General Conference of 1872 assembled in Brooklyn there appeared at its doors a noble body of laymen, awaiting the formality of a vote for their admission. Let us look at a few of the names. The New England Conference sent three governors or ex-governors of States—Cliff N. Dillingham and Barry—and that strong man from Maine, now in the West, William Deringer. The New York Conference sent John B. Cornell, and the New York East the princely Oliver Hoyt. George J. Ferry was there from the Newark, and James Bishop from the New Jersey Conference; Francis Rot from the Genesee; Lewis Miller from the Erie; Judge Goodrich from the Rock River; John Owen from the Detroit; ex-Chancellor Bates, of Delaware, from the Wilmington; ex-Senator Willey and Chester D. Hubbard from the West Virginia; Judge Lawrence from the Central Ohio; Amos Shinkle from Kentucky; ex-Secretary Thompson and Washington C. De Pauw from Indiana; ex-Senator Lane from Northwest Indiana; Hiram Price and Judge Cooley from the Upper Iowa; and ex-Governor Evans from Colorado. There were others, too numerous to name, yet worthy to be mentioned in this company. It would be a wonderful convocation in church or state that could present a stronger array of able men than was furnished by the laymen alone in that Conference.

The new machinery did not at first work into the old without some friction, but there was on this first trial such a reinforcement of

Saving Common Sense and Sound Business Judgment

and experience, that some questions which were fraught with peril were settled to the satisfaction of the church. There will need to be some further adjustments made, and the mind of the church is already being turned in the direction of more practical and equitable arrangements. They will come without disturbance.

I cannot close this meagre view of the subject without quoting a striking figure used by Bishop Simpson as an illustration and a prophecy, because we look over the ground already trav-

ersed it now seems to be so completely turning into history: "I live out in the West, where a city has grown up with almost magical rapidity. I walk along the streets of that city I sometimes notice a whole block undergoing a process of elevation. A little opening is made, a beam, a screw, inserted; all along the foundation and all around the buildings there are placed hundreds of these screws, which are made to turn in perfect harmony together and to raise the edifice. Whole blocks of buildings are elevated, and merchants are selling their goods all the time, the families are taking their meals and sleeping quietly in their homes all the time. There is no disturbance, and yet you pass along after a while, and the house has gone up one story higher, beautified, and made more capacious. So, that is what I want to see you laymen do. I want to see the whole edifice raised up without jostling or jarring one single arrangement. Let us live in the edifice, labor, pray, preach, watch, save souls; but at the same time I shall be very much pleased to see it enlarged, beautified, and made worthy of the age in which we live."

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SECRET OF BISHOP SIMPSON'S PULPIT POWER.

REV. J. R. DAY, D. D.

THE secret of a minister's power in the pulpit has never been discovered. Every source of power given in attempted analysis of preaching gifts is disproven by the fact that men in numbers have drawn quite as fully upon that source without noticeable force. It cannot be said to be peculiarly the gift of the Holy Ghost, since some men who evidence no great spirituality preach with marvelous effect, while hundreds of ostensibly saintly men command only an indifferent hearing. It is not peculiar to learning or culture, and is not furnished by schools of oratory.

There were ministers of all grades of official station in American Methodism as spirit of devotion to their work as Bishop Simpson. There were men in the church more learned and more highly cultured, and who quite as extensively traveled, but no man of such impassioned conviction and ardent sympathy as during the century into which Bishop Simpson came. Indeed, you may proceed to find a man who shall possess all that you can attribute to Bishop Simpson of intellect, of stature, of temperament, and true voice like to the same rhythmic cadences, and, strange to say, he will not preach effectively. You say that he had the scholarly pose, the spiritual face, his thought combined profound philosophy and the tenderest pathos; and his voice, with its upward accents of feeling, stirred deeply the hearts of his hearers. But why? Was it because such great thoughts, profound research, deep insight into human nature, so seldom voice themselves in feeling? Was it because men were taken into great truths which they suddenly discovered were of the same practical and personal estate as were those common interests which they had scarce ventured to elevate to such a lofty plane, and found themselves and their simple belongings and hopes lined by this master imagination to a universe past and destiny? Was it the discovery of sudden fame upon the part of the hearer?

True it was that Bishop Simpson seemed to be in great sympathy with his hearers and to be making discoveries with them. He was not descending from a region which they knew not, with astounding revelations to which they were strangers and which the more oppressed their earthly estate, but he went up the Mount with them and made it their soul ascension. It was not the choir coming down to the shepherds on the plain, dilling them with awe; it was the disciples going up upon the Mount, with a feeling, "It is good to be here." It may be that too many preachers come to the people by the way of the angels instead of from among the hearts that ache and the feet that are blistered on the hot, weary journey of mortal life—a descent instead of an ascension. Sure it is that deep, sympathetic feeling never falls of responsive attention. It is "like rain in the new-mown grass." It will awaken the stubble of worldliness and awaken the withered branches of formalism.

Bishop Simpson was a battery of mighty feeling. It was not weak or sentimental feeling, but great, strong, manly feeling. If our schools cultivate it out of their students, our Simpson will come from the field and the shop. There was in the Bishop an appearance of deep interest in the people to whom he preached. He felt no more than thousands of other preachers; but the people saw more. It was to be seen. He shed his tears for them; he thought their thoughts out loud; he bore their burdens, and when he triumphed in his sermon it was not the triumph of a man who was leaving them, but it was their victory.

But how did it do it? He knew no more than we do. He could not tell another so that he could go and do it. Genius is not explainable. Bishop Simpson was a creation. He was as much an astonishment to himself as to those who came under the spell of his wonderful preaching. It would be a mistake to expect there will ever be another like him. It would be a greater mistake to try to imitate him.

New York City.

REV. T. F. FROST.

BISHOP SIMPSON moved audiences as if by magic. He was not a man of the pulpit, but a man of the people. Hence the secret of his power is not explained by the statement that he was especially empowered by the Holy Spirit for preaching the Word. He was an orator. The orator's secret might perhaps be told in a few words if one knew it, but it would require a greater than Simpson to tell it, for he could not. It has not yet been told, and the most one can do is to write about it.

He was a genuine man, fully permeated of the truth of the Bible and of his divine call to preach it; therefore he always took into the pulpit the power of a sanctified personality. When he spoke, a sympathy which was tolerant of human moods as it was appreciative of human needs put itself into close contact with his hearers and held them with Christian tenderness and manly strength. The preacher was lost in his message. Self was dead to his thought; but the theme was alive and besought the people. The rapid personality of the speaker was in their presence, but for the hour the theme had enveloped him in its glory, and they heard his voice from the cloud. He spoke to persuade, and all

things were subordinated to that purpose. His voice was no small factor in swaying his audiences. When modulated by the enthusiasm of an enraptured soul, its very tones swept the tender chords of the hearer's nature. He was self-contained, and this has more to do with mastery of men in public speech than do with mastery of men in private speech. It is always conceded. Oratorical power is sometimes supposed to be a mysterious influence which the speaker projects from himself, when really it is the spectacle of the swelling and surging of the mighty currents of his own soul held under the control of his own will.

Bishop Simpson knew the power of great themes and never preached on any other. Having selected a theme that was well-grounded in the character of the age, he never failed to discuss it. He preached it. He left the realm of the abstract to little pulpiters whose ambition to be profound exceeds their solicitude for souls in the deeps, and moved straight on with clear statement of truths easily comprehended. Due attention was given to climactic arrangement. He exhibited Napoleonic ability in marshaling his resources and massing them at the strategic point of his theme. This shows either carefully-developed skill, or an unusual endowment of the oratorical sense. In detailed description he was a master; and few persons are aware of the facility of those gifts. Good description passes for a high degree of imagination with the majority of hearers. Nevertheless, the gift of constructive imagination was his. It instinctively avoided the fanciful, clothed the most important truths with harmonious attributes, and set them in order and vivid array. I doubt if any man of his age surpassed him in this respect. In his supreme moments he seems almost to have risen to real vision. The things which he pictured certainly became real to him. Faith soared to the point where it looked "not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen." Hence his sermons were thrilling recitals, and the greatest of them were epics. The arrangement and movement of his thoughts at such times were essentially dramatic, yet he was never theatrical in manner because he entered the realm of the dramatic far above the histrionic plane, and swept its loftiest heights.

Now, how did he do it? The secret is not yet out. His pulpit power was vastly greater than the sum of all the elements that we can separate and name. By nature he had the subtle, nameless something which makes the orator; and that indefinable gift was inspired of God.

Baltimore, Md.

REV. WILLIAM NAST BRODIECK, D. D.

AN attempt to analyze the pulpit power of so surpassing a sacred orator as Bishop Simpson, and to discover its secret, must prove an impossible task. While this is true, we may, nevertheless, profitably study it, to learn, if possible, some of the elements which entered into it.

One of these, I think, is to be found in his physical construction and peculiarities—his tall figure, his spare and somewhat stooping form, his low and receding forehead, his piercing eyes, his penetrating yet well-modulated voice—all these combined to render him striking in appearance, and to give interest and emphasis to his words.

Then, back of these physical qualities, there was a large endowment of natural ability. True, this did not appear in his early life. Indeed, so devoid did he seem to be of those natural qualities which are absolutely necessary to an orator, that friends shared his judgment that he could never succeed in any profession which depended for its success upon public speech. Yet, despite this mistaken impression, nature had richly endowed him in his intellectual and emotional nature for just that work—leaving only physical defects to be overcome.

Out of his efforts to overcome the latter grew one of the greatest elements of his power—his mastery of the art of extemporaneous speech. The impression has prevailed with some that Bishop Simpson was a memoriter preacher, and that his facile rhetoric and marvelous eloquence were due to that fact. But this is a mistake, as his own utterances abundantly prove. Doubtless the frequent repetition of many of his greatest sermons finally rendered them, unconsciously to himself, memoriter; but this was not his method. What that was he himself characterized as direct address. Had Bishop Simpson been a reader of sermons, or a memoriter preacher, he never would have become the foremost pulpit orator of his day. While engaged in delivering his "Lecture on Preaching," he was reading from a manuscript. But this is a mistake, as his own utterances abundantly prove. Doubtless the frequent repetition of many of his greatest sermons finally rendered them, unconsciously to himself, memoriter; but this was not his method. What that was he himself characterized as direct address. Had Bishop Simpson been a reader of sermons, or a memoriter preacher, he never would have become the foremost pulpit orator of his day.

Another element of his power doubtless grew out of the frequent repetition of his sermons. During the larger part of his ministry he was engaged in the general work of the church; hence such a practice was possible. That this was a great advantage to him we may learn from his own words concerning recasting and repeating sermons. He says in substance: "It is seldom that a sermon can be able wrought out by the first effort of either speaker or writer. To have force it needs of times recasting, always amending, pruning, or enlarging."

But the greatest element of his power grew out of his desire for the salvation of men and his abiding confidence in the Divine Presence. As to the first, in its relation to the beginnings of his ministry, he says: "I did not try to make sermons. I felt I must at the peril of my soul persuade men to come to Christ. I never spoke without the deepest feeling. My ministry was one of exhortation rather than sermonizing." This spirit accompanied him through life. Hence he preached on great themes. His subjects were chosen to bring to the attention of the hearers the power of the building of the temple in holiness. Together with this intense desire for the salvation of men was an intense realization of the presence of the unseen. An illustration in his lecture on "Ministerial Power," I believe, reveals in part the secret of his own power. He says: "There is a beautiful legend of St. Christy. He had been educated carefully, was devoted to his faith, and was a man of great piety. He was one day in a vision. He thought he saw what seemed to be the channel and round about him were holy angels. In the midst of them, and directly before him was the Lord Jesus, and he was to preach to the congregation. The next day he ascended the pulpit. He felt the impression of the scene; he thought of the holy angels as he gathered around him; of the blessed Lord as directly before him, as listening to his words as he held his life in his hand. He became intensely earnest, and his ministry was something far beyond his ministry." Something far beyond his ministry was the feeling of Bishop Simpson when he arose to preach. This, together with the abiding baptism of

the Holy Spirit, concerning which he said to the young men at Yale: "If there is one thing above all others that I have desired for myself, and that above all other things I covet for you, it is this baptism of fire. Such for this more than for learning, wisdom, or oratory"—this was that made him such a mighty man of God.

Would that all of our young ministers might prayerfully study that marvelous lecture on "Ministerial Power," and that its truths might be practically realized in their individual lives!

Brookline, Mass.

REMINISCENCES OF BISHOP SIMPSON.

REV. R. H. HOWARD, PH. D.

BISHOP SIMPSON was acknowledged, in his day, to have been the most eminent and eloquent Methodist preacher. Not that there were many who could produce as able sermons. It is doubtful, however, whether the annals of American Methodism have ever been, or ever will be, illustrated by the labors of a man capable of so stirring the hearts of the people as this Bishop.

Of cultured mind, broad and strong understanding, of vivid imagination, deep and fervent sensibility, and of apostolic piety, he was singularly adapted to the realization of an eminent pulpit success. Not that all his pulpit efforts were attended by marked oratorical effects. The writer has often heard him preach when he hardly seemed to get on the wing. Though always able, eloquent and grand, a stranger would have hardly been led from these discourses to infer that the preacher was a man of phenomenal eloquence and power. Yet the results attending some of his sermons and platform efforts have been simply overwhelming. No such scene of wild enthusiasm probably ever attended the delivery of any lecture as attended Bishop Simpson's lecture at Boston Music Hall during the war on "Our Country," when the entire congregation sprang literally to their feet, swung their hats and shouted until they cried.

On the occasion of a Methodist convention in Boston over a dozen years ago, Bishop Simpson delivered his lecture on Methodism one evening at Tremont Temple to a crowded and enthusiastic audience. The peroration, which, of course, was eloquent, was, not unnaturally, attended with fervent Methodist responses. This seemed to stir the blood of the orator, and he launched out on a few extemporaneous utterances singularly surcharged with magnetic power. The whole audience sustained a simultaneous shock and there went up from "that vast multitude" instantaneous and stunning volcanic eruption of halleluiahs. I have never seen the like on any other occasion. I probably never shall more. I have a vague recollection, at the time, of screaming myself at the very top of my voice, "Halleluiahs!" and yet my own voice was utterly lost amid the grand chorus of throats that on that occasion made that welkin ring as it will never probably again.

There is reason to believe that no sermon delivered in this country was ever attended by such phenomenal results as one delivered by Bishop Simpson at the session of the Vermont Conference at St. Albans in 1863. I have often heard of congregations being stirred by a speaker as by the blast of a trumpet. On this occasion we seemed to be trampled down as beneath the restless onset of a tempestuous cavalry charge. Strong men wept like children, and the most hardened worldlings yielded to the preacher's power the tribute of a tear. A year afterward, when sailing on Lake Champlain, falling in with a commercial traveler from Boston, the writer was much struck, when, allusion having in the course of the conversation been made to St. Albans, the gentleman remarked that he spent a Sabbath at that place a year before, which would be forever memorable in his history, as it was associated with a sermon which he heard then and there by Bishop Simpson, and which was, on many accounts, the most remarkable discourse he ever heard in his life. This testimony is the more significant as the speaker was a worldly man, and he did not know at the time that he was speaking to a Methodist preacher, much less one who had heard the same sermon.

All denominations were equally well pleased with this discourse of the Bishop. It was delivered in the Congregational church. The next morning an Episcopalian good-naturedly rallied the Congregational deacon, as follows: "Well, deacon, I hear that you had a bishop preach for you yesterday." "Yes," replied the deacon, with great energy and manifest satisfaction. "Yes, and a bishop what is a bishop, too?"

When Dr. Simpson was elevated to the episcopacy, Dr. Abel Stevens, in the *National Magazine*, regretted the measure, and ventured to predict that an eminent preacher had been spoiled to make an indifferent bishop. Bishop Simpson's career now is fully run. Dr. Stevens is still living. How wonderfully has the event refuted that prognostication. Bishop Simpson's episcopacy proved a signal, an eminent success at every point. No modern Methodist preacher, probably, has impressed himself so widely, so profoundly, and so beneficially, upon his church and upon his time.

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Zion's Herald.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21, 1893.

[Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second class matter.]

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BISHOP SIMPSON.

In carrying out our purpose to present at intervals special numbers devoted to the reproduction of epochal characters in our denomination, we select, early and naturally, Bishop Simpson. No man in our American Methodism has ever filled so large a place in the appreciative thought of the general public. To reproduce him, and do him generous justice, necessitated thoughtful preparation, and that we call to our assistance many and able helpers. To those who knew him, loved him, and understood him, special topics were assigned, calculated to bring out, in response, the many-sidedness of the Bishop and the record of some of his notable oratorical triumphs. Our contributors have more than met our most enthusiastic anticipations. We very much doubt if such a comprehensive view of any of our representative men was ever given to the public as is here grouped about Bishop Simpson. The date chosen is fitting, as it falls upon the anniversary of his birth. The Bishop was born June 21, 1811. He died, June 18, 1884, at his home in Philadelphia, his last audible words being: "My Saviour! My Saviour!" To characterize Matthew Simpson editorially, at any length, when so many do it so admirably in other columns, would be a work of supererogation. Instead we exhort our readers to follow every line of these notable contributors. A fresh study of this wonderful man will prove a fitting and gracious inspiration to the church. Of him we may say, as he said of Lincoln when he stood at the grave of the dead chieftain: "The nation mourns thee. Mothers shall teach thy name to their lisping children. The youth of our land shall emulate thy virtues. Statesmen shall study thy record, and from it learn lessons of wisdom. Mute though thy lips be, yet they still speak."

LAY REPRESENTATION — NEW ENGLAND.

The *California Christian Advocate* published lately an article on "Lay Representation in the Methodist Episcopal Church" and some of its consequences; and ascribed its final effectuation to New England. Speaking of the failure of several preceding attempts in other parts of the church, the writer says: —

"It is astonishing how long the change was resisted. It was advocated in the earliest schemes of the denomination. It was a prominent feature of the organization of the Protestant Methodists. In the great antislavery controversy the Wesleyan secession adopted it, and made it an important ground of appeal to Methodists as republican citizens. But these various antecedents seemed, for a long time, to be considered good reasons for resisting it in the great parent church. New England, at last, began to reconsider the subject. Zion's Herald, so fertile in new notions, and yet staunchly loyal to the church, opened its columns for its discussion, and has, really, the historical responsibility of the effective revival of it after so many failures. Eventually our other journals followed the example; sooner or later laymen's conventions were held in New York and Philadelphia. The great secession of the South had adopted the reform. The old mother church was suffering by contrast with every other form of American Methodism before the democratic policy of the country, in this respect at least — a point of almost supreme importance to the self-governing citizens of the nation. And yet it required about a century (if a century, after the revival of the controversy in New England, before the reform triumphed and laymen took seats in the General Conference (1872) at Brooklyn, N. Y."

The Wesleyan secession, above alluded to, was mostly of New En-

gland origin. Its adoption of lay representation created a necessity for a similar reformation in the parent church. It was necessary in self-defense; for the republican sentiment of the country favored the more democratic polity of the seceders. This necessity was especially felt when some new societies of the old church applied to the Massachusetts Legislature for a "General Bill of Incorporation" instead of the particular bills by which individual Methodist societies had hitherto been incorporated. Such a general bill had long been accorded to the Congregationalists, Quakers, and other religious bodies; why should the large and growing body of the Episcopal Methodists of the State have to come up yearly to the Legislature for a special act of incorporation for every new church it erected? The Legislature was well enough disposed toward the denomination, but the Wesleyans rallied their leaders and presented a formidable front of opposition. The absence of lay representation in the petitioning body was their principal alleged objection, and to the people and law-makers of Massachusetts, was a serious one. The matter was referred by the Legislature to a committee. Such committees usually meet in private and report only in public; but in this instance the committee deemed it expedient to hold its deliberations in public sessions, for citizens of most Christian denominations were eagerly interested in the subject. For nearly a week the committee met, at night, in the large Hall of Representatives, to hear the petitioners and their opponents. Meanwhile a large audience of citizens, including newspaper reporters, clergymen, etc., gathered excited with interest in the Hall. It was a strange scene, seldom or never before witnessed there. Some of our old city Methodists, and not a few of their compatriots from other parts of the State, must remember it. A detailed account of it, which such an eye-witness might write, would make an article for the HERALD of surpassing interest. High debates went on through the week between representative speakers of both sides. The committee at last reported to the Legislature in favor of the petitioners; but, though successful, the old church bore its victorious banner from the field with new and grave reflections. Their official organ (Zion's Herald), with the leaders of New England Methodism generally, felt that a new epoch had intervened in the history of the denomination, and that the "reform," exemplified by the Methodist Protestants and the American Wesleyans, must, sooner or later, be adopted by the parent church. So profound, however, had been the opposition of the latter to the "radicalism" of the former, that the new "reformers" had to proceed with great care not to provoke dangerous internal disturbances. The HERALD, therefore, opened its columns, at first simply for the "free discussion" of the question of lay representation, *pro* and *con* — a freedom of the press which it had maintained on the subject of slavery, and which comforted fully with the spirit of the New England people.

The influence of the Wesleyan example, together with this opening of a Methodist press for the impartial discussion of the question, and, still more, the favor shown it by the "great secession" of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, brought it now again before the church generally, and, by 1852, it became evident that it was an inevitable revolution, though not without formidable and protracted opposition.

In 1852 the laymen of Philadelphia held a convention in favor of the reform. They had started the *Philadelphia Christian Advocate* in its interest. They sent a petition to the General Conference of 1852 in its favor. The old war was again begun, and it was to be a decisive, though a prolonged one. A counter Philadelphia convention was held with Dr. Bond as chairman, who, though a layman, was the most formidable enemy of lay representation in the land. Dr. Crooks, biographer of Bishop Simpson, speaking of this convention, says: —

"There were many who trembled with apprehension whenever this change in the constitution of the church was named. A little incident will show the susceptibility of Methodist feeling in 1852. The venerable Dr. Bond presided. There were gathered about him, as officers and promoters of the objects of the assembly, some of the best-esteemed laymen of that day. The excellent brother who opened the devotional service read out the hymn beginning: —

"Jesus, Great Shepherd of the sheep,
To Thee for help we fly;
Thy little flock in safety keep,
For oh! the wolf is nigh!"

The antislavery wolves were sitting quietly in the congregation and were highly amused by the turn that had been made on them. The reader of the hymn was, however, one of the lay delegates elected to the General Conference of 1852."

Bishop Simpson was the only one of the episcopate who openly favored the reform at the outset of the brave fight; though nearly the whole bench became converted to it before the victory was finally declared. Simpson made public speeches for it in the New York Laymen's Convention of 1853. He was an open friend of the New York Methodist, which, sustained by Seney, Rushmore, Hoyt, Styles, and other eminent laymen, became the organ of the "reformers." Our official periodicals generally, including the *Quarterly*, were more or less hostile. Dr. Bond was placed at the head of the *Christian Advocate* (New York) to defeat the movement, but it went on. The old Protestant Methodist secession had so thoroughly reacted in the parent church, that to favor "lay representation" was almost ecclesiastical death to a Methodist preacher. The reformers were called "Radicals" by their opponents; and "Radicalism" became a synonym, in the church generally, for agitation and "destructivism."

The acrimony of the controversy would hardly now be credible. A writer, who witnessed those belligerent days (Dr. Crooks), says: —

"In Methodist speech, to be a 'Radical' was to be counted unfit for church fellowship. For a preacher to be known as a promoter of lay delegation, was as much as his ecclesiastical life was worth. For him there was no hope, no preferment, no peace." "An amusing incident, of which I was myself a witness, will illustrate the universal feeling. An applicant for admission to the Philadelphia Conference was objected to on several grounds. While the case was pending, a respectable member of the Conference arose and said, 'Mr. President, I am opposed to the admission of this brother. I am told that he is a lay delegation man, and I had as lief travel with the devil as with a lay delegation man.'"

Dr. Bond's argument in Emory's Report, at the General Conference of 1868, was incessantly repeated as unanswerable, and, therefore, conclusive of the question. Even Nicholas Sneath, an able leader of the Methodist Protestant Church, pronounced it unanswerable. His argument was, that, as the ministry is "divinely called" to preach, it must be responsible to God for its ministrations, and must, therefore, have a divine right to control them without authoritative interference from the laity — in other words, a divine right to govern the church. The controversy on lay representation needed, above all things, the correction of this enormous fallacy — the very basis of papal hierarchy, and entirely contrary to the doctrine of the "priesthood of the people," to the universal priesthood of the church as taught in the Christian Scriptures and reasserted by the reformers — namely, that Christianity has a ministry, but no priesthood save the common priesthood of all saints under the High Priesthood of Christ. This right of priesthood — no longer for the offering of sacrifice, but for the propagation of Christianity — being inherent in the whole church, its responsibility is equally inherent and common, and the government of the church, therefore, belongs to itself, not to a specific class of its members. Though it must, as a matter of convenience, relegate certain functions (as preaching, teaching, education, missions) to chosen men, yet these men are but its representatives in a common, a universal, responsibility. Selected by the church, according to their qualifications for its work, the Divine Spirit also moves or "calls" them to use their qualifications in accordance with the demands of the church, as He does in all Christian functions and labors; but does not, thereby, release the church itself from its common responsibility as a universal priesthood.

This great idea of the Reformation and of Primitive Christianity was the very best argument for the new movement. It swept away the basis of Bond's logic, and of the scruples of thousands of sincere opponents of lay representation. But it was astonishing to observe how its distinct avowal startled many minds, and how not a few of the timid advocates of the "reform" hastened to avert, through the press, unfavorable interpretations, by qualifying, explaining, if not attenuating, this explicit and glorious truth of the best ages of the church.

Meanwhile the cause continued to advance. Besides its energetic advocacy by ZION'S HERALD, the *Philadelphia Advocate* and the *Methodist*, some of the official periodicals of the denomination, particularly those of Cincinnati and Chicago, had now entered the lists of it, and virtually assured its final success. The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, had, at its General Conference of 1866, conceded it, on a liberal scale. The parent church was being left in the rear; the three great secessions from it, its three great competitors before the democratic American public, had enfranchised their laymen; it was high time for it to decide the question. At its General Conference for 1868, held in Chicago, it reaffirmed its willingness to admit lay representation whenever the church should demand it; and a plan was devised for the submission of the question, not only to the popular vote of the churches, but also to the constitutional vote of the ministry in the Annual Conferences, in order that the change might be consummated before the next General Conference, and lay delegates take seats in the latter. The popular vote was now inconceivably in its favor, being about 100,000 for it and about 50,000 against it; but the issue in the Annual Conferences seemed, for some time, still doubtful. But New England, which had begun the movement, was to complete it, though at first the prospect was dubious. The Conferences had failed to give the constitutional vote when Maine, bringing up the rear, was to save or defeat the cause. In May, 1870, Simpson wrote from Maine Conference: "Matters look very badly here. We shall be beaten, and I think lay delegation is probably lost. My heart is sore and sad. May God direct us!" Later he wrote, from the same Conference, more hopefully, but looked to the Conference in Germany as the only final guarantee of success.

Though Simpson alone, among the Bishops, was openly devoted to the "reform," his episcopal colleagues now agreed with him that the honor of the ministry required the General Conference to concede to it, after its pledge to do so whenever a majority of the church should demand it. The contest, so protracted and severe, now hastened to its conclusion. The required vote of the Annual Conferences was obtained, and 129 lay delegates took their seats in the ensuing General Conference (1872, at Brooklyn, N. Y.) among 292 ministerial members. "The great revolution was achieved," says the *California Advocate*. "Its friends could only regret that the ratio of lay

to ministerial representation was not larger. Many of them wished it to be equal to that of the ministry as it is in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in the Methodist Protestant Church, and also in the American Wesleyan Church. In the Methodist Episcopal Church it consists of two laymen for each Annual Conference; while the ministerial delegation consists of one for every forty-five members of each Conference. Subsequent votes on a proposition to equalize them have been strongly in the negative. The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, the Protestant Methodist, and the Wesleyans, have given their laymen representation in their Annual as well as their General Conferences. No such right has yet been recognized by the Methodist Episcopal Church. Some work still remains, then, for our reformers to do; but we may well acknowledge that a great historical innovation had triumphed in the present instance."

We have thought it well to put thus on record, accurately and somewhat minutely, these facts, as showing not only what has been done, but also what remains to be done on this line of church progress.

Ship Canal Near Corinth.

In the little kingdom of Greece there was completed, on the 17th inst., an important public work, which affords fresh evidence of the capacity, courage and enterprise of the modern representatives of the ancient Hellenic people. What the ancients failed to do, the moderns have accomplished: they have united the waters of the Saronic Gulf with those of the Gulf of Corinth by cutting a ship canal through the isthmus of Corinth. The mainland of Greece is really a huge peninsula, with an outgrowth in the shape of a cactus leaf, attached to the continent by a slender isthmian stem, which, it would seem, might be cut through, or at least, be cut by the weight of the land below. But the stony isthmus had never been cut or broken. It remained there to turn back the power of kings and the strength of armies. The importance of an isthmian canal was early felt by both Greeks and foreigners. Darius, the Persian, proposed it. Nero, the Roman emperor, whom the Greeks won by flattery, actually began the work, the evidence of which remains to this day. Pausanias again in A. D. 170 tried his hand at the task. But all plans and attempts failed until the work was undertaken by the Greeks themselves. In 1826 the French engineers suggested to the Greek government the feasibility of the enterprise, and in 1859 the government undertook the work under the supervision of Gen. Tarr, the Hungarian patriot, and the International Society for the Corinth Canal at Corinth. They spent 30,000,000 francs, besides 10,000,000 secured by shares; and then, in 1892, in sight, as it were, of the goal, the work was abandoned for the lack of funds. That the project might not fail, how far advanced, Mr. Syngros, a rich banker of Athens, organized a new company with a capital of 25,000,000 francs secured by loan. The new company is to receive 5,000,000, and after that the profits are to be divided between the old and the new companies.

The cut is through the south part of the isthmus. The engineers tried, first, to locate the canal along a deep ravine, but found, on more careful examination, that Nero's old route was more feasible. It is shorter and beset with fewer obstacles. The distance at that point is 6,200 French metres. The company had the advantage of Nero's excavations. On one side he had cut 1,070 metres, and on the other 2,170. The excavation was made through soft rock, 21 metres wide at the bottom and 24 metres at the sea level, with a depth of eight metres, allowing the passage of the largest iron-clads. With the most improved machinery, two thousand men have been employed on the works. A part of the way is tunneled, to be lighted by electricity.

The canal will give new importance to Corinth, or will build a new city on its banks. The line saved vessels coming from the Adriatic will be seventeen hours; from the south point of Italy about five and a half. The whole cost of the canal has been about \$14,000,000. A good many tolls will be required to liquidate the debt.

The Viking Ship.

The Vikings were the Scandinavian seafarers and pirates of the Middle Ages. They plundered England, Scotland and France, and became the terror of all western Europe. In most cases they returned to their northern haunts with their plunder; but in the case of France they appropriated the soil, and built up in West France a Norman kingdom which ultimately conquered England and became an important element in the civilization of modern Europe.

The archaeological researches of late years have made important discoveries concerning the character and works of this irrepresible and conquering people. Among their burial customs was that of burying, with distinguished persons, the ships in which they had fought and plundered; and, accordingly, in these burial mounds have been secured some important finds illustrative of the Viking period. In 1890 Mr. Nicolayson found a ship in the burial mound at Gokstad, near the town of Sandefjord, Norway, in a good state of preservation and belonging to the age of "Eric the Red." Similar finds have been made in other parts of the peninsula, enabling us to ascertain the material and form of the Viking ships of eight or nine hundred years ago. In Green's "History of the English People," illustrated by his widow, is the picture of a boat with fourteen pairs of oars and a rudder at the side near the stern. This was found in a peat-bog in Finland. It was built of oak, and was well preserved.

Capt. Magnus Anderson, a master mariner and now editor of the *Shipping Gazette*, a daily paper of Christiansia, conceived the idea of building a ship like the one found at Gokstad, and taking it across the ocean to the World's Fair. His Viking ship is 78 feet long by 16 wide, with four feet draught and of 31 tons burden. Like the original, it is made of oak and capable of taking 32 rowers. The mast is sixty feet high, with ample sail.

Leaving Bergen on the 30th of May, Capt. Anderson plunged into the deep seas, so familiar to his ancestors eight or nine hundred years ago on their voyages to Vinland, and through fair and foul weather hastened to his destination. The little ship rode the great waves like a duck. Amid storm and calm he swept past the Shetland Islands and made direct for Cape Cod, Newfoundland, thence straight to Cape Cod, the Vinland of Eric's navigators, and came to anchor at New London at 4 P. M. on the 13th inst. The voyage was completed without accident or untoward delay. The best time made in any one day was 21 miles. In thick weather the speed was much reduced. The "Viking" will be a striking object-lesson to

our people, affording us a view of the great changes of the early period. The progress from that slight craft to the mighty warships of England and America is almost incalculable and incredible. The feat of Capt. Anderson clearly shows how possible it was for the oarsmen of the days of "Eric the Red" to make voyages to our own New England. We can hardly doubt that, with their intelligence, courage and enterprise, they ranged the western seas and made themselves acquainted with the lands beyond.

PERSONALS.

— Secretary Schell, of the Epworth League, has received the degree of D. D. from Heding College.

— Rev. Hugh Montgomery and wife will sail from Boston by the Cunard line for Liverpool.

— Rev. W. F. Cook has just returned from the West and the World's Fair, having been gone five weeks.

— Rust University has conferred the degree of D. D. on Rev. J. M. Driver, pastor of First Church, Columbus City, Ohio.

— John Wesley preached his last sermon in Leatherhead, England. It is proposed to build a memorial chapel to him at that place.

— Dr. O. H. Warren, formerly editor of the *Northern Christian Advocate*, and his wife, are on a tour to Nevada and the Pacific coast.

— Rev. G. W. Hughes, D. D., pastor of the M. E. Church at Springfield, Mo., is recovering from his long and severe attack of illness.

— Mrs. Dr. F. S. Hot, first vice-president of the Woman's Home Missionary Society, has been acting president since the death of Mrs. Dr. John Davis.

— Rev. Dr. O. A. Brown, of Foundry Church, Washington, preached on the pole after the fall of Ford's Theatre an impressive sermon upon "Friday's Great Calamity."

— Our churches can secure an excellent supply in the person of Rev. Daniel O. Ferris, D. D. He can be addressed until the first of July at Wakefield, and after that until Oct. 1 at Cottage City.

— Rev. Julian S. Wadsworth, of Phenix, R. I., has been granted vacation for six weeks by his appreciative church, and, accompanied by his wife, will visit the West, especially Harlow Point, Michigan.

— Rev. Dr. Lucien Clark, formerly assistant editor of the *Christian Advocate*, and now stationed at Baltimore, preached the annual sermon before the graduates of Western Maryland College at Westminister, Md.

— The eminent historian, Prof. Theodore Mommsen, will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation as doctor on Nov. 8. Many of his friends and admirers are collecting subscriptions to a Mommsen fund.

— Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Dillingham, of Anbarde, prominent members of the Methodist Church in that suburb, will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage, on the evening of June 21, at their residence.

— Bishop Walden, who has been overworking, is compelled to take a rest. Bishop Warren presided over the Colorado Conference, and Bishop Joyce will have charge of the Wyoming and Utah Mission Conferences.

— Last week's *Christian Advocate* brings the gratifying information that a cablegram from Yokohama announces the safe arrival of Bishop Foster and Dr. Leonard, and the party accompanying them, on the 8th inst. Dr. Leonard was much improved in health.

— Announcement is made of the marriage, at Abilene, Mich., June 7, of Rev. Wilbur F. Atchison, A. M., pastor of Hyde Park (Chicago) M. E. Church, and Miss Rena A. Michaels, Ph. D., formerly dean of the Woman's College of Northwestern University.

— Rev. J. M. Williams, Ph. D., of Fair River, has been elected rector of Burlington College, Burlington, N. J., an institution of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Rector is equivalent to president, though titularly the Bishop of New Jersey wears the latter title in this case.

— Miss Anna Lawson, of our India Mission, has arrived in this country, and gone to her home in Iowa. Miss Dilem has been accepted as missionary to Bulgaria, and Miss McGregor has been appointed to North India, Misses Frey and Harris to Korea, and Miss Foster to Singapore.

— The *Philadelphia Methodist* says: —

"Bishop Foss, though on the line of improvement, still suffers very much at times through the lacerated condition of the great nerve in his injured arm. This will gradually disappear as strength returns, but the improvement will evidently be so slow as to tax all the patience he can command. He needs the sympathy and prayers of his brethren and friends."

— The *Christian Work* states that "It is probable that the 'paragon of the Mad' in the Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, New York city, will be Rev. Dr. James R. Day, now pastor of Calvary Methodist Episcopal Church in Harlem. A formal invitation has been given by the members of the Madison Avenue congregation to Dr. Day, and he has the subject under consideration."

— The *Baltimore Methodist* of June 15 has the following pleasant personal mention: —

"Dr. Townsend preached a sermon at Mt. Vernon Place on Sunday evening in which he delicately discussed the Briggs trial. In treatment of a superior quality and quantity of religion, hence the persecutions, even unto death, of those who dare call that fact in question. From such so-called Christianity, good Lord, deliver us!"

Bishop Bowman relates the following fact: —

"On one occasion, with two or three friends, I was conversing with Mr. Lincoln, near the distant window in the 'Blue Room,' when, unexpectedly, the door opened and Bishop Simpson entered. Immediately the President raised both arms, and started for the Bishop, almost on a run. When he reached him he grasped him with both hands and exclaimed, 'Why, Bishop Simpson, how glad I am to see you!' In a few moments we retired and left them alone. I afterwards learned that they spent several hours in private and that this was one of the times when the Bishop had been especially asked by the President to come to Washington for such an interview."

Rev. M. V. Knox, D. D., in a personal note written from Walpole, N. D., June 8, says: —

"In all but finances, which pinch more West than East, we are closing a fine year. Our crop of wheat was 81 cents per bushel. If a fair crop comes in, we confidently expect to double that number the next year. We are both well and like our work, and are ready to endure the climate. We are mourning our departed Fargo — one of our two churches is gone — and the pastor, Rev. J. A. Strachan, is burned out of his third house. The church is the Second — dedicated last January — small, brick, but nice. While yet the members are hot, they are planning a new building!"

Some people object to expressions that involve or take for granted what they call God's "interference" in our trifling secular affairs. But the mistake lies in forgetting that God never can really interfere or intervene or come between any of our events

of life, because He is never a mere outsider or spectator. He is most intimately in our affairs at all times. Without Him not one of them could occur. The carpenter or engineer theory of the universe is thoroughly false. It has done much harm and should be banished. God is not alone eminent over the world; He is also most completely immanent in it. The fact, fully recognized, solves a thousand perplexing questions about providence and prayer. Moreover, none of our secular affairs are "trifling" in any such sense as to be beneath His notice. Nothing can possibly be a matter of indifference to Him that concerns the smallest of His creatures. We need to modify very much our ideas of great and little when we bring God into the question. With Him, in a very important sense, nothing is small and nothing is large.

Some one has piquantly said: "He that will not reason is a bigot; he that cannot reason is a fool; and he that dares not reason is a slave." This is plain talk; it is calling for a speech with a vengeance, and, we feel, would put upon a very large number of people one or the other of those complimentary terms. Yet is there not truth in the epithets? It certainly is a fact that an unworthy fear of reason prevails with a great many religious people who fancy there is something in it hostile to revelation. It is also a fact that vast multitudes have no power to reason in any but the most slipshod and inconsequential way. And so the world goes along after a fashion without much guidance from pure reason, and with far too much subservience to passion and prejudice. We are a distinct race, and decidedly better if it looked more to this heaven-appointed guide.

Rev. Harry Compton, pastor of the Spanish congregations of the Methodist Church in Seneca, Chile, writes under date of May 9: —

"Bishop Newman and wife, accompanied by Mrs. M. M. of Washington, D. C., passed here a few days ago. For Bishop Newman to be giving our missions on this West Coast a thorough investigation. One of the Spanish papers here speaks of him as 'We did in our midst the Methodist Bishop, Juan P. Newman, who's making a voyage of recreation along the coast of South America. He is a distinguished man, but came here during the administration of General Garcia was chaplain of the North American Senate. Next Sunday he will preach in the Union Church where he will demonstrate the faith of the notable orator be manifest in his own country. In a few days he will continue his voyage to Buenos Aires."

We are happy to announce that the first of the series of contributions promised for our column by Bishop Newman is received, and will be published at an early date.

One of our "holiness" contemporaries throws up a challenge to the world to furnish a list of scriptures which wherein sinners are exhorted to seek holiness. It might be said briefly in reply that, in the very nature of the case, only the unholy (and are not sinners unholy?) could be rationally exhorted to seek holiness, and hence wherever that exhortation is found it must of necessity be understood as applying only to sinners. A "list" of texts would take up too much space, but when our friend has satisfactorily explained on his theory James 1:8: "Cleanse your hands, ye sinners, and purify your hearts, ye double-minded; we will furnish him with other quotations to try his hand at. God's own people are recognized as holy; in proof of which there are many passages, among them these: "Holy brethren, partakers of the heavenly calling" (Heb. 3:1); "Elect of God, holy and beloved" (Col. 3:12).

It can hardly be too often said that self-contempt and self-depreciation are not holiness. Self love exaggerates our faults as well as our virtues, and finds, indeed, a subtle satisfaction in so doing. It is only when freed from this disturber of the judgment that we can rightly estimate our own merits and qualifications. It is a good thing to but few to look at self as others look at it, or as others should look at it, with so evenly balanced a consideration that exact justice is done. He only is truly humble who is willing to be rated precisely as he deserves. Such an one does not wish to be thought of more highly than facts warrant, nor does he wish to be put down below where truth would put him. Humility is sober-mindedness, a calm, temperate, dispassionate measurement of one's own powers, a just valuation of one's worth. The temper of mind and heart naturally connected with such a valuation, springing from it and leading to it, is the exact opposite of pride.

The *Christian Witness* says: "The sanctification of believers is the complete eradication of the carnal mind to be followed by the indwelling of the Holy Ghost." If this be so, no believers from whom the carnal mind has not been completely eradicated are sanctified or indwelt by the Holy Ghost. Then Paul when he addressed his letter "unto the church of God which is at Corinth, even them that are sanctified in Christ Jesus," subsequently saying to the same, "Ye were washed, ye were sanctified, ye were justified in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ," must have meant that the carnal mind had been completely eradicated from them. And when he said, also, to the same very imperfect, and by his own declaration partly carnal, believers, "babes in Christ," "Know ye not that ye are a temple of God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you?" he meant to imply that the carnal mind had been completely eradicated from them. Believe it who can.

We always read Dr. Theodore Cuyler with interest in hand. His exhortations to Christian living are pertinent, personal and helpful. They grow out of a pastoral service in his long years in the ministry more remarkable, perhaps, than that of any other living man. Then, too, he never loses his self-possession, and that is never anything warped or twisted. He can never get into a mind that is not practical, Christlike living is here. Here is a pertinent paragraph: —

"A vague desire to be better, stronger, holier, will come to nothing. Character is built, like the walls of an edifice, by laying one stone upon another. Lay hold of some single fault and mend it. Put the knife, with God's help, to some ugly blemish. Stop that one leak that has let so much foul blight and darkness in. Put into practice some long neglected duty. The first step to improvement with one person was to banish his decenter; with another, to discipline his secular part on Sunday morning; with another, to ask the pardon of an injured friend; with another, to go after some street ardent and take them to a mission school. He can never be a great man, who does not spill a pennyworth of true piety. Holiness is just the living to the Lord in the least things as well as in the great; for graces can only be gathered one by one."

Anniversary week at Lasell Seminary called together an unusually large gathering of interested friends of the institution. The Baccalaureate sermon by Dr. Olin A. Curtis, upon "Loyalty," based upon the words of Paul, "Whom I am and whom I serve," was very able and impressive. Dr. Gussner's address to the senior class on Wednesday was characteristically able and eloquent. The class-day exercises, and the reception by Principal and Mrs. Bragdon, were attractive and enjoyable. In the evening the Seminary and the trees in which it is embowered were brilliant with electric lights arranged in charming designs. The visitors among the grounds round an archway bidding them

"Welcome!"

On a recent occasion the dining hall of the Seminary was filled with guests. The ladies were dressed in the latest fashion, and the gentlemen in the most elegant manner. The atmosphere was one of cordiality and hospitality. The guests were entertained with a sumptuous dinner, and the evening was spent in conversation and music. The Seminary is a place of great beauty and interest, and it is a pleasure to visit it. The grounds are well kept, and the buildings are of fine architecture. The Seminary is a place where students can receive a good education, and where they can also enjoy the company of their friends and family. It is a place where the future leaders of the church are being trained, and where the light of truth is being spread. The Seminary is a place of great importance, and it is a privilege to be associated with it. We hope that many more will visit it in the future, and that they will all be blessed with the knowledge and grace that it has to offer.

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Simpson Memorial.

BISHOP SIMPSON.

REV. MARK TRAFLET, D. D.

[Reprinted from ZION'S HERALD of July 30, 1881.]

"I cannot make him dead!"
Once a fond father said
Of his lost son;
A stricken child today
Mourns for him passed away—
Her gift one.

We cannot feel him gone;
Our hearts keep hoping on
For his return;
That footfall on the stair—
Ah! yes, he must be there!
How all hearts burn!

When'er he uttered his name,
How promptly then he came,
That speaking face!
Joy thrilled her choicest strain,
While hope revived again,
With cheering grace.

What matchless speech was thine,
What thoughts of things divine
From thee we heard!
While those pathetic tones,
Hushing all sorrow's moans,
All listeners stirred;

As when a mother mild
Comforts her weeping child
By grief oppressed,
Crouching some soothing lay,
Charming all fears away
On her fond breast.

Master of the heart's lyre,
Touched with prophetic fire,
Striking each chord;
Tender as mother's love,
Seeking his will to prove—
Our risen Lord.

When treason reared its head,
And hearts so freely bled
In war's red path,
His thunder tones then rose,
Scathing his country's foes
In righteous wrath.

Beneath the daisies rests
The form our eyes once blessed,
In soft repose;
Think not of him as dead—
Still round that honored head
A halo glows.

Age unto age shall bear,
With hushed, reverent ear,
That honored name,
Though heart and tongue be stilled,
Yet shall all time be filled
With his rich fame.

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

From Bishop Simpson's Sermons.

You and I are placed in this world to carry out Christ's great purpose. And hence "to us to live is Christ." To live is Christ. I say, I speak it with reverence—to be Christ. "For to me to live is Christ." You are to be Christ to your fellow-men in this sense; you are anointed of God for this mission; and you are to perform it.—*Living for Christ.*

Chrysostom used to preach eloquent and beautiful sermons, and yet people's hearts were not much moved. He thought he had a vision. He saw himself preaching, and angels were all around him sitting in the air, and right before him was the Lord Jesus Christ. The next morning he went to his pulpit, and that vision of the angels was there, and his Master's eye was upon him, and he delivered such a sermon that they called him the "Golden-mouthed," because he became so earnestly eloquent for his God.—*Elements of Christianity.*

John might have been considered amiable, kind, even brilliant, possibly, but it was because he laid his head on Jesus' bosom that we see in him loveliness. It was because he wrote visions of Jesus that the visions have not faded away. There, on Patmos, he might have died as an exile had he not been in the Spirit on the Lord's day, and looking up, seen Jesus as he walked among the candlesticks, and held the stars in his right hand. John connected himself with Christ, and he lives on and he lives forever. We know not what man may do. Amazing privilege, to associate ourselves with God! If we get into the position where these worthies stood, we shall live.—*Posthumous Influence.*

Deprived of a father's care in early infancy, trained by a widowed mother, I grew to a young man's years, "when it pleased God to reveal His Son in me." I felt that I must try to do something for a perishing world; but how to leave a widowed mother I knew not. The burden grew heavier and heavier upon my soul, until only death and ruin seemed to stare me in the face. A moment came when I felt I must tell my mother, although I thought it would break her heart. I told her, with trembling, that I believed God had called me to the work of the ministry. A tear stole down her cheek, a heavenly smile came upon her face, and she said: "My son, I have been expecting this ever since you were born!" And yet my mother had never uttered a word of it. But she told me then that my dying father and herself had consecrated me to God, in the hope that I might live to be a minister of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. O parents, give your children to God!—*The Christian Ministry.*

Jesus meets the bier whereon the young man is being carried to the grave—the only son of a widow. He had been dead, possibly, several days; they were taking him to the grave. Jesus stops the bier, and He takes the young man by the hand and commands him to arise. I see him as he is restored to his mother. Does he know his mother, do you think? Oh! as he is raised from the bier, and the tear falls from her eyes, and she shows her arms around him, saying, "My son, my son!" do you doubt the son knew his mother? It had been almost cruel in the Saviour to bring him back, if he had looked upon her as a stranger, if he had forgotten all of earth, if he had no interest and no care in this world. It had been sad to the mother to have the son come back thus. But he came back to be her son, to call her by name, to take her by the hand. Oh! how she must have leaned afterwards on the strong arm of her son! Now he felt that he was raised up from the grave, if possible, to love her better than ever.—*The Power of the Invisible.*

I remember well one impression made upon myself. It was lying on the coast of Asia Minor, sick, far from home and family, and the disease was such that it seemed to be questionable for a time whether my body could resist its severity. One night, after a little slumber, I woke up, and a passage of the twenty-third Psalm was in my heart as it never had been before—"He restoreth my soul." It murmured within me, and, whether I half slept or was fully awake, all that night it was repeating itself, "He restoreth my soul." I do not know why or how it was, but the disease gave way, and God raised me up again. As the same passage comes up in memory—"He restoreth my soul"—there rests upon me something of the sweetness which came to that bed of illness, when I was far away. Have you had such passages come to your heart? Oh! there have been

sentences that seemed, when you read the Bible, to stand out in larger type, words that seemed to be addressed to you; you felt as if they had a tongue that said, "Thou art the man!" God's Spirit brings them, in some strange way, home directly to the conscience, and there comes a spiritual power with them.—*The Gospel the Power of God.*

The genius of infidelity leaves me, and the genius of Christianity comes to my side. She, too, takes me by the hand, and I go with her through the same earth, past the same flowers, the same rocks and forests and hills; takes me over the seats of the nations of the earth and teaches me the same languages; takes me through the domain of the sciences and adds one more, the science of salvation; teaches me the languages of earth and adds one more, the language of heaven. I see mountains with me to the skies; I drink in light from the same sun, pass to the same fields, stars, resolve the same nebulae, and away out again unto the last star where my former guide left me. And I gaze into the face of the genius of Christianity and ask, "Is this all?" What a look of pity and love she casts upon me as she says: "Is this all? This is but the portion; it is but the threshold, it is the entrance to the Father's house." And she puts the glass of faith in my hand, and I look through it, and away beyond the stars, away beyond the multiplied systems, I see the great centre, the throne of God, about which all things move—the great central point of the universe. And as I look there is One upon the throne; He is my brother; and I look again, and my name is written on His hands; and I cry out with ecstasy:—"Before the throne my surety stands; My name is written on His hands."

—The Victory of Faith.

BISHOP SIMPSON AT HOME.

REV. W. SWINDELLS, D. D.

THERE are few men of extended fame whose reputation does not shrink under continued and familiar observation. That "no man is great to his valet," is a proverb with many examples to illustrate it. The great are hungry and must eat, they are thirsty and must drink. The lion needs to renew the waste of his energies, as doth the beetle or the sparrow. There are petty physical ills that irritate all men, and try human fortitude and self-command, as much as the privations of war or the fires of martyrdom. And so, seen

Away from the Glamour

of a great occasion, men of distinction often disappoint their admirers. They cease to be gods when they must eat like common men. The Matterhorn, that wondrous shaft of Alpine granite that pierces the heavens at the height of thirteen thousand feet, is a great white throne to the distant spectator. To the tourist who stands close to its base it is but a mass of debris, scorched rocks and frozen snow.

It will not be questioned that Bishop Simpson obtained a name among the foremost men of his time. He was a notable personality in the midst of important issues. He measured up to great crises. He was a leading factor in determining the bent and character of his age. Multitudes of men of all ranks and conditions depended upon his guidance and were glad to follow where he led. He lodged in the motives of destiny, and set them on fire with the energy and skill of his speech. Many only knew him as he appeared on the rostrum, in the pulpit, or in the chair of the presiding officer. But many knew him when he was away from the crowd, or had descended from the intellectual and spiritual ecstasy of sublime and thrilling speech. Did his name lose its charm to them? Did he lose any of his proportions under close scrutiny? Was his personality a quantity, diminishing in the ratio of the closeness of human contact? It may be said at once that those who saw him most, and knew him best, held him in the deeper reverence.

The city of Philadelphia was his home. He had chosen it. The church had invited him to come, and citizens not of the Methodist Episcopal Church had united with them in urging upon him a suitable private residence as a part of the bounty of their esteem. He lived among its people for more than a quarter of a century. He knew the city, and was well known by its population. Although his episcopal duties and the exactions of his wide fame required him to be absent much of his time, yet his form was familiar to our streets, and he was a frequent guest in the homes of the people. He did not seclude himself; neither did he parade himself. He went about among the people as one of them. The city was his episcopal see, by common consent. He was a Methodist. He never concealed, though he never flaunted, his flag. His church relations were never left to suspicion. They were as well-defined as his tall form. Nor is it true that he was ever suspected of bigotry. He was metropolitan. He was felt beyond the mere street on which he resided. His name became the property of the city, as it is now a part of its fame. The municipality claimed him. When President Lincoln was to open its great Sanitary Fair, and was prevented from being present, he deputized Bishop Simpson, by special letter, to stand in his place and open that remarkable patriotic bazaar. But no spark of jealousy was kindled by the partiality of the Chief Executive of the nation. He was regarded by the people as

His First Citizen.

When George W. Childs, esq., the far-famed publisher and philanthropist, celebrated the opening of the Ledger Building, by gathering in his virgin walls a notable assemblage of authors, journalists, civil officers, and many others of distinction, the Bishop was the ranking guest of the occasion, and the grace and wit of his speech were classic in both purity and point. At the opening of the National Centennial Exposition he was the chaplain of its ceremonies, and invoked the Divine blessing upon it. Philadelphia was not only a place of residence, but a home.

Admired and loved by all, his best shrine was in the hearts of the members of his own church. He was accessible to them, to all conditions, and at all times. Not only a friend, but friendly. He was tropical. There was a self-warmth about him. It was easy to touch him, and to touch him was to glow with him and like him. The most timid were unabashed as soon as they grasped his hand or sat in his presence. If he differed in judgment with them, he did it rather interrogatively than dogmatically. He was often positive in matter and manner, but never acrid. The plain people drew near to him, his shadow might fall on them.

There was never any savor of prelatry in him, and he was far removed from it in his

attitude toward his brethren in the ministry. Those who had only seen him in the pulpit, or estimated him by his fame, fancied that the awe often inspired by a great name must invest him. How many have been surprised to discover that no such divinity hedged him about. He was a great preacher, but he was equally

A Great Brother.

No matter how small to him that was of weight to others. He took upon himself the burdens of the weak and discouraged. Men drank in a new and living hope from the words that fell from his lips. He was such an optimist that the lamp of faith in him was the life of light to others. He was uniform in manner—not sometimes warm and as often cold. He never hurried a minister out of his presence by quoting the value of his time or inspecting the dial of his watch. Nor did he freeze him by mere monosyllabic answers. He never laid aside the dignity of his calling nor wrapped about him the mantle of official consequence. He could be jocose without being frivolous.

He was very partial to young church enterprises. He visited them; he encouraged the pastor by inquiring about them; he became acquainted with the official men who were banner-bearers in them, and by sincere attention to them increased their zeal for the extension of the cause of God and the welfare of humanity. His presence was very familiar in the pulpits of his home city, but the edge of desire to hear him was never blunted by frequent opportunity. His unabated but rather ever-increasing brotherliness made his name richer with every passing year, and he was never more revered and loved than when, with feelings in which were mingled sorrow for our loss and joy for his gain, we marked the glory of his parting wings.

Philadelphia, Pa.

A PHILADELPHIA LAYMAN'S TRIBUTE.

HON. JOHN FIELD.

I N my library there are portraits of Mozart, Beethoven and Wagner, Schiller, Goethe, Byron, Milton and Longfellow, and Bishop Simpson. How varied the gifts and environments of these men, each one of whom in his distinctive character has filled up his measure of work and left his impress upon humanity. To the left on my desk, in the line of Methodist biography, are the lives of Dr. Adam Clarke, the first great scholar of Methodism; of the eccentric Lorenzo Dow with his five links, two hooks and a swivel; of the bold and courageous Cartwright; the silver-tongued Sumnerfield; the judicial-minded Hamline; the big-hearted and generous Haven; the classic and eloquent Durbin, my first and greatest pastor; the fervent and saintly Alfred Cookman, my companion in many a well-fought camp-meeting battle; and Bishop Simpson, who filled more niches and larger ones than any man in Methodism.

I had the great pleasure of being the secretary of the committee that secured the presence of Bishop Simpson and a home for him in our city. It was a great day for Philadelphia Methodism when he came among us. His presence and work were inspiring; no one could be associated or come in touch with him without feeling that he had received a spiritual uplift.

To his careful forethought, ably seconded by Mrs. Simpson, we are largely indebted for the splendid building on Lehigh Avenue, the home for the aged and infirm members of the church. On the grounds around this building, on the annual donation day, assemblies, as Bishop Foss aptly remarked, an acre of living, active Methodists. Our beautiful orphanage building at Ford and Monument Roads we owe more particularly to Mrs. Simpson, who still, active in all Christian lines, moves among the churches. In our new hospital, now approaching successful completion under the able management of Dr. Rittenhouse, the Bishop had the deepest interest. Indeed, every movement that helped the church to help humanity, commanded his active support.

A Man among Men.

As much at home in the circles of the humble and poor as in those of the rich and great. From the humblest to what might be considered the most prominent member of the church, each found in him a confiding counselor, a true friend, a good adviser. It could be truly said of him he wept with those that wept and rejoiced with those that rejoiced. No one ever questioned his integrity or honor; he was in the highest sense the Christian gentleman, the Christian minister. It ever any one could say, "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me and I unto the world," that one was Matthew Simpson. He had an ever-abiding sense of his responsibility to God and man. He had profound convictions; God, Christ, salvation, man, eternity, were in his mind and thought sublime realities. Hence his great power in presenting these fundamental truths to the world. Sincerity and truth, when preaching, were stamped upon every thought and every word that he uttered.

His first sermon in Philadelphia, if I recall correctly, was preached on a missionary occasion at Trinity Church. This was Dr. Durbin's old church, and at that time the banner missionary church in the country. Bishop Simpson was then unknown to most of those present. He ascended the pulpit, and conducted part of the opening service by reading a hymn in his peculiar style. His voice at first was not agreeable; but one soon lost sight of this; in fact, it became attractive as the sentences surcharged with deep religious feeling fell from his lips. I dare not attempt at this late day to give a description of that sermon. Elloquent and powerful, it was delivered in his own impassioned manner, and carried by its resistless force the entire congregation. Finishing his discourse, he took his seat; not a word further was uttered; the trustees passed around the collection baskets, and in response to that wonderful sermon there was placed a free-will offering of \$8,000 upon God's altar.

No man on the platform on special occasions could draw an audience as could Bishop Simpson. During the war he delivered, in the Academy of Music, his great address, "Our Country." The effect produced was overwhelming, the audience frequently rising to their feet and giving cheer upon cheer. At

the close of this address every boy and man present was ready to buckle on his armor and rally round the flag, and every woman with lint and bandage was ready for hospital work. All realized the force of his great arguments that slavery must die, and that civil and religious liberty must live eternally. Bishop Simpson was one of the very first to see the absolute necessity of bringing the ministry and laity of the church closer together, by admitting the latter into the councils of the church. He was an ardent advocate of lay representation, and therefore became peculiarly

The Laymen's Bishop.

But, Mr. Editor, I could write and talk about Bishop Simpson longer than you would allow.

Let us never forget what he said about the work of the church: "She must grope her way into the alleys and courts and purlieus of the city, and up the broken staircases and into the bar-rooms, and beside the loathsome sufferer. Like the air, the church must press equally upon all the surfaces of society; like the sea, flow into every nook of the shoreline of humanity; and like the sun, shine on things foul and low as well as fair and high; for she was organized, equipped and commissioned for the moral reformation of the whole world."

This great and good man lived and worked for Christ, and as a natural sequence died in Christ, his last words being, "My Saviour! My Saviour!"

Philadelphia, Pa.

BISHOP SIMPSON'S CHEFS-D'OEUVRE.

REV. J. O. KNOWLES, D. D.

IT does not discount the power of the preacher that his work is but for a day. Elijah stood before Israel on Carmel but for a day, crowded into a life's work, and it became the foremost prophet of the Lord. The mistake of the present is that we demand literary excellence in the preacher more than we insist on power. There is not too much training, but there is too little development of the preacher. Broadly defined, he is a servant of Jesus Christ, under the immediate impulsion of his Master, speaking in His stead to men in a supreme hour. Except in results, his work cannot largely abide. His preaching can no more be put on paper than all the sunlight of noonday photographed. This would be true were he only an orator, for no orator has been, or can be, reported. The mislabeled masterpieces of oratory preserved in literature have their uses, but for their putative authors had spoken after this post-mortem fashion, they would not have made history or been immortalized in it. It is obvious that, like John the Baptist, the preacher must decrease when he ceases to deliver his message. But few of his sermons, though carefully written before or after delivery, will have a permanent value. If he has a place in history as a preacher, it must be by recording the impressions of those who listen to his ministrations.

Doubtless all true preachers are at times great preachers. Hard as it might be to describe them, it is infinitely more difficult to describe the comparatively few men of transcendent powers. Of the limited class of very great preachers Methodism can modestly and truthfully boast her share. For reasons above indicated, their fame must be largely traditional, and this may excite a little honest skepticism in times when such men are only a memory; but if the men are alive who heard Durbin in his sublime hours, or Bacon in his magnificent flights, or Olin as he poured forth impassioned avalanches of truth, they can testify that these were giants even among great preachers. Nor do these comprise all of their class. Other names might be added of mighty preachers of the Word who swayed the multitudes that crowded to listen as the winds away the forests.

There is one name which must ever stand in a class by itself. Matthew Simpson was a great preacher even among great preachers. These can be compared with each other, but he was so much unlike all others as to be

Comparable to None.

It is equally difficult to analyze his greatness. Any apparent power in his make-up studied by itself gives, paradoxically, a sense of weakness. Either presence, voice, gestures or grammatical construction, considered alone, was obnoxious to criticism; but when all were employed and the man was preaching he was above all criticism.

Bishop Simpson is probably best remembered in the effects produced by his great oration on "The Future of our Country," and his matchless sermon "The Victory of Faith." The session of the East Maine Conference which opened April 29, 1883, is memorable from the fact that at it the Bishop presided, and before its close both that oration and sermon were delivered. To say great things were expected at that Rockland Conference would be to state an intense fact mildly. The young men of the Conference saw but few of our church journals except ZION'S HERALD. The Bishop had hardly won a moiety of his celebrity. But the "fathers" had for some years cried and shouted as they told the "boys" of a wonderful sermon at the Buckport Conference that was gloriously indescribable. ZION'S HERALD had reported their overwhelming triumph of the preacher's power. Our delegate to the General Conference failed to find words to tell of the marvels they had heard and seen. In short, the brightest and smartest New England Conference was as eagerly expectant as it well could be. The great war was on. Some of our brethren were in the field. We were all patriots. The President had called for a National Fast Day, and the governors of Northern States had concurred. It was the second day of the Conference. Arrangements had been made for a union service to be held in the then largest church in the city, which belonged to our Baptist brethren. The Conference was invited to furnish the speakers, and the Conference in turn invited the Bishop to represent it, and of course he journeyed and attended in a body. Needless to say there was a crowd. As I now remember it, there was a jam—all seats were full, platform covered, galleries full; a row sat along the front with legs pendent. Above and below as many as could stand to life the walls did so, and were seated. I sat at the head of a pew on the left hand side of the left-hand aisle looking towards the pulpit and about eight pews removed from it. Beside me sat a broadly built brother who is still alive. Rev. E. A. Helmershausen, presiding elder of the Bangor District, who was translated nearly a score of years ago. If I remember correctly, a resident judge of the city presided. After the lapse of thirty years I find that the preliminary exercises have left no recollection of impression, but the central figure of that wonderful hour rises before me as plainly as rose that morning. I had made a compact with myself as I sat there that I would not accept a stone for bread. I had before traveled far in the action of years to hear great men only to be disappointed. If I shouted this time there would have to be something to shout for, and I settled well down in the pew to study things, as I fancied, philosophically.

The rustic of expectancy died away, leaving the hush of a still greater expectation. Yet when the Bishop slowly arose and looked over the multitude wedged into the church, he was in appearance about the last man a stranger would have selected for probably

Most Marvelous Orator of This Century.

He was tall, stoop-shouldered, and somewhat awkward in movement. His coat, which he wore buttoned,

might have fitted another man; it did not fit him. His face gave no evidence of his power. Later in life it gained much in strength of expression, but at this time it was not in repose suggestive of keen or broad intelligence. His eyes were a very light blue; his hair, a pale yellow, was brushed back from a low and slightly retreating forehead. No part of the face gave assurance of more than ordinary mental power except that the nose indicated strength of character, and the generous, strong, yet flexibly-lipped mouth was the mouth of an orator. The voice was equally unimpressive; it was undeniably thin and flat. It had this advantage: there was no barr, no catch, no suggestion of hesitation for words or limping of thought. With so many and noticeable defects, it was equally apparent in an instant that the man was natural and that there would be no fringed gesticulation, no sophomoric declamation.

"Today a nation is called to its knees," was the first sentence we heard, and this gave a fair idea of the simplicity, directness and thoughtfulness of his ordinary mode of speech. If at times he became impassioned and rose to sublime flights, the simplicity and directness were still there. A child could understand his meaning. For the first ten or fifteen minutes there was no suggestion of great resources or power. The Bishop talked like himself, and interestingly of course. Then, as a truth flashed along, he lifted his shoulder a bit; his eyes flashed a new light; his voice, scarcely changed in pitch, rang out a little fuller tone. He felt something, and the vast audience felt a slight shock of the same something. The quickened pace of his speech was not haste—he never overran himself; but before many minutes there was another lifting of that tall frame, another flash of lightning in the blue eye, a still more sensible shock to the congregation, and a little modest responding which seemed as natural as the talking.

By this time it was all over with everybody. On went the Bishop from climax to climax, never faltering, never weakening. Each moment the field of vision widened. All eyes were fixed. The eager listeners held their breath through impassioned passages, and the general sigh of relief at the end sounded like the sigh of the wind through responsive pines. How can I describe the indescribable? The outlines of this great address are in print; but who that heard it can have patience to read? I do not know how long we listened. Had I discovered a man looking at his watch I should have felt inclined to box his ears. In fact, nobody noticed anybody very much, if at all. I did see the judge, who had worked around where he could look more directly at the speaker; and he had forgotten the dignity of his office, and to his great credit! He cried—"as who did not?" He grasped his chair with both hands and seemed to be holding on for dear life to keep himself in it. Now and then at some wonderful climax he would jump, chair and all, clear of the platform. I remember distinctly that it appeared ludicrously appropriate, and between my own shouts he would not topple off the platform. The only person, young or old, I saw unmoved was a young minister of another denomination who sat on the platform, and his face was as immovable as a grave-stone and nearly as expressionless. After a while—how much of a while I have not the least idea—I became aware of very heavy breathing over my shoulder, and glanced back to see my presiding elder standing as rigid as granite, grasping the pew before him, and was still more surprised to find that likewise I was on my feet. I had no occasion for blinks or dimmy, for a large part of the audience in the pews had got up before or after I did. I heard a great sobbing and shouting arising by my side, and looked down to see my broadly-built neighbor on his knees crying and praising for all he was worth. By the time the concluding climax was reached, capping all before it with the magnificent symbolism of our flag, everybody was up, on the floor, in the galleries, on the platform around the Bishop, and all were cheering, shouting, crying, stamping, shaking, waving hats, lauders, anything, everything lay-bold-able, and all seemed harmonious and exceedingly proper. On went the Bishop without break or drop. All saw what he saw, felt what he felt, rose to his heights, until the last word left us—as an intensely exhilarated brother said—to hang around for an hour, long ourselves, and pour the glory off!

That Memorable Sunday.

Of course the city of Rockland for two days was in commotion. Sunday was not far away, and the Bishop must preach. But where? The deacons must be ordered, and our own church edifice must be honored. Who, then, could hear? I went with my wife at eight o'clock, that we might be in season for nine o'clock love-feast, and saw only two people, and these just in front of the altar. Long before the opening prayer standing room was at a premium. To sit or stand for hours was nothing if by so doing the Bishop could be heard. Some wise ones doubted. When a man had risen to such heights as shown almost superhuman power, it was hardly to be expected that he could rise to sublimer heights, and it was reasonable to expect that there would be a great letting down. But the wise were there all the same, and before there had been a dozen testimonies in the love-feast it was whispered around that everybody else was coming. Something must be done; but what? Rockland Methodists have never been defaulted for lack of ingenuity. I heard suspicious sounds outside. Investigation was natural. I beckoned to a Congregational minister standing in the aisle, gave him my seat beside my wife, and worked my way through the press and out the door. Just under the window opposite the pulpit on the south side of the church, with boxes and whatever came handy, some brethren were extemporizing a platform. It was a proper thing to do, for at that early hour there was a larger concourse outside the church than within. When the platform was laid a score or more mounted to test its strength, and then large timbers were placed uprightly and a big sail drawn over them to form a canopy. All this done, the wide window was altogether removed from the casing, and the Bishop, presiding elders and choir invited out. It was a strange scene. The church was densely packed, while outside was an immense crowd filling the ample yard around the church and the intersecting streets wherever a glimpse of the Bishop could be obtained. All the other churches were practically empty. Possibly in one or more cases a service was attempted; in others the preacher supplied by the Conference and his handful of restless hearers thought it consistent to adjourn awaiting. I have heard various estimates of the great multitude by very many persons. For years I scarcely met in Rockland a man or woman who did not at least claim to have been in it.

I think, on that beautiful Sunday, I had some fears for the voice that was to convey the word, but they were groundless. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith," said the preacher, as he looked out over that sea of faces. Calmly, clearly, he spoke until new visions appeared to flash their splendors into his soul, and then we that listened began to see. The Fast Day wonders were repeated and excelled. Then patriotism lent its intensity, but now men were lifted to sublimer heights and swept infinitely wider horizons. The preacher was traveling an old highway, but he was traveling it as an explorer, and we were rapturously following in his footsteps. I could repeat parts of this unmatchable sermon; whole illustrations and figures could be reproduced in words; but all would be utterly wanting in the one element which was everything, and for which there is no better word than power. The preacher not only had, he was power. At his touch scales seemed to fall from our eyes, and new continents lifted themselves in the ever widening ocean of life. He was the rapier seer of the old dispensation, sweeping all possibilities in infinite love, and at the same time the burning arctangel of the new dispensation opening all mysteries by the Gospel and inviting to the possession of eternal dominions and joys. Saints and sinners alike felt it to be an apocalyptic hour. The multitudes swayed to and fro with a common impulse.

Thousands cried and shouted unconsciously. Inside the church, and hearing under great disadvantages, the effect was, if possible, more overwhelming than without. There was almost continual uproar, and yet not the least confusion. The minister who sat beside my wife treated her before the service to an edifying discourse on the uncultured folly and weakness of shouting, but before the sermon was done he was on his feet crying out aloud and making more noise than any pewful of Methodists. When the wonderful vision came into which the sermon blazed at its culmination, the effect was almost unendurable. Men and women had to give vent to surcharged emotions. As on the former occasion, the crowds in the church were on their feet, while the multitude outside pressed entranced towards the preacher. All senses were captured. They were hearing, but much more feeling and seeing. But words will not, cannot, reproduce the scene. I pause, dissatisfied, hopeless.

Lynn, Mass.

BISHOP SIMPSON AS A NEIGHBOR.

PRINCIPAL C. G. BRADTON.

I REMEMBER dear Bishop Simpson most lovingly as a neighbor and in the home. During part of his stay in Evanston, Ill., our humble tenement was next his home. I was but a lad in my early teens, and his kindness to my mother (just widowed) and her children drew me to him as to almost no other man I ever knew. How a man with his cares and immense work could remember children's faces and names, and could take time to speak to them almost as if they were his own, inquire after their little concerns, and give each a word to uplift, was beyond my comprehension then, and now more than then passes my thinking. For I saw later, better than I did as a child, how wide was his compass and how far-reaching his interest in all things pertaining to the welfare of the nation which he served so loyally and the church he loved so profoundly.

He would come over into our lot early in the morning, taking the precious moments of his rare visits to his delightful home circle, and inquire into mother's cares and our studies, or stop on the street the children with a word so personal and pointed that one felt that he knew and cared for all he was doing, and never once without inspiring a desire to be better, truer, nobler.

He had a rare gift of drawing hearts to him, which I hope will be touched by tenderer and stronger pens than mine in this memorial number, but it cannot be told by any one who has a more vivid recollection of it, or a profounder gratitude for what it has been to him all his life. I should say he helped more people to a better life by his personal interest and power than even by his matches, and so far unmatched, eloquence.

By Mrs. Simpson's kindness I once had the great privilege of a week in their home in Philadelphia, and the contact with that great soul in the bosom of his devoted family has been a charming memory and an inspiration all my days. Such a home life I have never seen elsewhere. Bishop Simpson put every one, even the least, at his best—brought to the top the noblest qualities that were in him. It is a rare gift, and one not so cultivated by great men as it ought to be; yet it seemed only his nature that did it, not his effort.

I remember one sermon in the old Union Church at Evanston, when he described the tender love of God so that I had a glimpse, yes, a full vision, of the eternal, unchangeable love of the Father, which was as a lifting into the seventh heaven, and the whole congregation was brought to its feet in out-pouring gratitude, men crying like children, women shaking their handkerchiefs in the air without knowing what they were doing. The air was vocal with praise.

Lasell Seminary, Aburduale.

AS I HEARD HIM.

REV. CHARLES PARKHURST.

WESLEY CHAPEL, Washington, was to be dedicated, and it was thronged to its utmost capacity. Bishop Simpson was at his best. The audience became singularly plastic under his touch. We were broken and melted until we wept like children, and seemed to us as if we must cry out to him, "Hold! we cannot bear any more." When he ceased, there was the involuntary stir and outburst of post-up emotions which bespeak the strength of his grasp upon us. There is no demonstration of power to be compared to this. It is the highest art, the noblest achievement. How is he able to do it? What are the qualities and qualifications which make it possible?

We notice, first, an internal fitness. It is the deep, all-absorbing, spiritual life of the man which sets all his powers ablaze. It is the fire within his own soul brightly burning there, which breaks out to consume and melt others. We do not minimize his remarkable gifts of eloquent speech when we say that we believe the impression most deeply made on the audience was the unwonted devoutness of the preacher. The next characteristic we notice, as giving specialunction to his preaching, was the fact that it was so particularly Biblical. While the Bishop shows easy familiarity with the scientific and metaphysical phases of thought peculiar to his age, and alludes to such unostentatiously, yet his thought is Biblical, and from beginning to end the treasury from which he draws is the "one Book." He shows that he is a most close and assiduous Bible student, familiar with the minutest detail of type and incident. The most impressive parts of his sermon today were strictly exegetical. He has the rare power of imaging scenes of Scripture so that you can see them as if thrown upon canvass. It is noticeable, if he speaks of mount, river, man, face, or look, in connection with any event in Scripture, that some most apt and descriptive simile or phrase is linked with it, to carry reality and picturesqueness to the hearer.

The last, because to us the chief, element of his wonderful pulpit power, is because he can so fascinatingly hold him up to others. The power of Scripture most in mind since the sermon, as the conclusion from his life, is this: "And if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me." This is the chief wisdom—Christ, lifted before men, by lips touched with passionate love shall draw the human heart to Him.

Verging upon fourscore years, so many of which have been given to arduous and constant strain in the service of God in our church, it is a reason for devout thankfulness that he can still teach the ministry so impressively how to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

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Review of the Week.

Tuesday, June 13.

In the Bering Sea arbitration the British counsel request findings in regard to certain seizures and searches of vessels; the American counsel submit a counter proposition.

In the Borden trial at New Bedford the judge excludes the evidence given by Lizette Borden in the inquest held at Fall River.

Ex-President Harrison visits the Columbian Fair; the infant also revisits it.

Opening of the inquest on the Ford's Theatre disaster; intense feeling against Col. Almsworth.

Prof. Briggs' case to come again before the New York Presbytery.

The Bay State Gas Company proposes to go forward under new plan.

Big strike in Bideford, Me.

Montreal has a busy case in Dr. John Campbell, professor of history in Montreal Presbyterian College.

Bartlett Tripp succeeds Minister Grant at Vienna; the latter started for America on the 12th.

Break in the dam across the Hudson at Troy; damage \$100,000.

Minister Bayard arrived in London on Saturday, and was met by the Earl of Rosebery.

At West Point ex-Secretary Fairchild addressed the Cadets, and Gen. Schofield delivered the diploma to the graduating class.

The Viking ship passes Cape Cod on her passage to Newport, R. I.

A large number of Presidential postmasters appointed in the various States.

Wednesday, June 14.

In the yacht races at Dover the "Britannia" and "Vendetta" were badly injured by a collision.

The House of Commons passed the third clause in the first section of the Home Rule bill, under discussion since May 30.

Sir Charles Russell and Sir Richard Webster again address the Court of Arbitration, the former proposing a cease fire in Bering Sea.

President Carnot ill, and advised by his physician to take a vacation.

Col. Almsworth applies for a mandamus compelling the coroner on the Ford's Theatre disaster, to allow him to appear with counsel at the inquest.

Medical experts testify in the Borden trial at New Bedford.

Among the appointments made by the President yesterday were those of Hon. Geo. Coar, of Virginia, to be assistant attorney-general; and B. R. Biddle, of New Jersey, to be consul at Sheffield, Eng.

Commencement at various institutions of learning.

Chris. Evans, the train robber, has been captured.

Shortage in the Irving Savings Institution, N. Y., of \$70,000.

Run on the savings banks of Omaha.

Ex-President Harrison invited to give the Fourth of July address at Fall River.

The Viking ship reached New London at 4 p. m. yesterday.

The Grand Duke Alexander, nephew of the Czar of Russia, and M. S. Rutledge, an official of the Russian fleet, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Jacob Astor, at Fenwick, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Thursday, June 15.

The fourth clause of section 1 in the Home Rule bill taken up yesterday; an amendment proposed by the opposition withdrawn, and the other rejected.

Prince Bismarck is in favor of increasing the defensive strength of the German Empire, but not in the way proposed by the army bill.

Count Kinsky favors the Triple Alliance, and reaffirms Russia's kindly feeling toward Austria.

The "Servia" ran down and sank the American ship "McAllister" June 7.

Since Friday there have been, in Mexico, 150 deaths from cholera.

The evidence for the prosecution, in the Borden trial, continued.

The Irving Savings Institution pays all demands made by investors.

The great cowboy race at Chicago.

Chief Justice Bingham of the District Supreme Court refuses the mandamus asked for by Col. Almsworth, and declares the proceedings before the deputy coroner, in the Ford Theatre case, illegal.

Rev. John McKim and Rev. Fred R. Graves were yesterday consecrated missionary bishops in New York—the former for Japan, the latter for China, Episcopal missions.

In India the commission on coinage recommends the repeal of the free coinage system for private account.

The Florida legislature opposes the attempt of the lottery company to find judgment within the State.

Friday, June 16.

On appeal, the French Court of Cassation sets aside the sentence of the Panama defendants; MM. Eiffel and Fontaine were set at liberty; Charles de Lesseps must serve out on concurrent sentence for bribery.

The German election is a drawn game. Returns from 348 districts give the government 80 and the opposition 85, making a re-bail in a majority of the districts necessary. So the result is yet ahead.

Sir Richard Webster continued his argument before the Arbitration Court.

Discount in the Bank of England reduced to 2 1/2 per cent.

The German Day at the Columbian Fair fully attended.

In the Borden trial at New Bedford the government rested its case yesterday; the defense was opened by Mr. Jennings.

In the West great loss of life and property by lightning.

The inheritance tax on the will of Jay Gould is \$750,000; \$250,000 of which the heirs refuse to pay.

The new inquest on the Ford's Theatre disaster begun.

New Music Hall proposed by leading citizens of Boston.

The New York Clearing House Association relieves the stringency of the money market.

Saturday, June 17.

The ship canal across the isthmus of Corinth opened by the government.

Massachusetts delegation to the World's Fair give a banquet at the Auditorium Hotel, Gov. Russell presided.

The International Typographical Union convention decides many important questions.

Testimony in Ford Theatre case. Yesterday the contractor completely broke down in his statement.

The rain and cold completely chill the Bunker Hill celebration.

Joseph Carrolo confesses that he was the murderer of Bertha Manchester.

Gov. Morris, of Connecticut, vetoes the bill creating a cavalry troop.

The Lowell stabbing case still a mystery.

Robert G. Shaw's \$50,000 residence at Wellesley burned.

Monday, June 19.

Returns from the German election virtually complete; the re-bail must settle the final result.

At Casarova and Marovian, Armenians are accused of riot and set to death.

The Panellists threaten to withdraw from the House of Commons.

The Somersetshire druggist's self cigars and soda on Sunday in spite of the law.

Bacoli ureate discourses yesterday at Harvard and other colleges.

Bishop Mallalieu dedicates a church at Orient Heights, East Boston, on Sunday.

—Rev. Nehemiah Boynton declines the call to St. Louis.

—Most of the terms of the Bideford strikers accepted by the corporation.

THE CONFERENCES.

(Continued from Page 4.)

The field. She has made a good impression on the people of St. Paul's Church, and all are looking for good results from her labors.

The society at South Acworth, that has been in a somewhat defunct condition for a few years, is reviving, and has regular Sunday afternoon services now. A good congregation and an interesting Sunday-school are seen each Sabbath. Rev. A. B. Russell cares for them in addition to the work at East Lempster.

Let all young people on the district who are contemplating attending school not forget that no better place for preparatory work can be found than the Conference Seminary at Tulon. It is a beautiful situation, the center of the best influences, both intellectual and moral. Send for a catalogue to President Darrell.

Marlowe is much pleased with the new pastor, Rev. E. N. Jarrett.

The Ministerial Association held its spring meeting at St. James' Church, Manchester, June 6 and 7. On Tuesday evening a praise service was led by A. O. Dolloff, Miss Helen Howard acting as organist, and Rev. H. E. Allen, of Oshkosh, preached a good rousing sermon from the words, "The back side of the desert" (Exod. 3:1). A profitable altar service followed.

On Wednesday morning a devotional service was conducted by Rev. C. D. Hills. Rev. O. S. Bakel was chosen president, and Rev. W. Woods secretary. The general subject for the morning was then taken up: "What Constitutes Success in the Ministry?" Most success was introduced by C. D. Hills; heart success, by J. M. Bean; pulp success, by N. Fisk; pastoral success, by H. E. Allen; human standards of success, by O. S. Bakel; the divine standard of success, by A. C. Coult. After dinner the devotional service was led by Rev. T. A. Dorion. The general subject for the afternoon: "What Constitutes a Successful Church Member?" was introduced by a few words from the president, and its different divisions were introduced as follows: Financially, by—Stevens, of Claremont; socially, by A. B. Johnson, of Manchester; intellectually, by Mrs. A. B. Tasker, of Manchester; spiritually, by Chas. H. Howard, of Manchester. These questions were fully discussed by the ministers and laymen and ladies present, and a really pleasant and profitable time was enjoyed. Rev. C. W. Rowley preached a spiritual and helpful sermon in the evening from John 21:17.

At 1 o'clock the district stewards held their business meeting. The presiding elder's claim was made the same as last year, with very few and slight changes in the apportionments. The next meeting was left to be arranged for by the presiding elder, and he is authorized to appoint a committee.

St. James Church is just the place in which to hold such a meeting as this. The way in which the dinner was cooked and served and eaten leads us to think that the ladies of this church are—well, yes, hard to beat!

WILLIAM WOODS, Sec.

VERMONT CONFERENCE.

St. Albans. At the late district stewards' meeting it was decided to begin the Morrisville camp-meeting August 15, and the Shelton camp-meeting Aug. 22. Please make a note of this, and all get ready to go! Rev. R. L. Bruce has been granted a four-weeks' vacation, which he has well earned and much needed. He and his family will spend part of the time in their cottage on Claremont camp-ground. Bro. Temple and family left Monday evening for the World's Fair, accompanied by several others from the village. The parsonage of the local church is undergoing repairs, to make the preacher's home more comfortable. Take care of the men of God. They cannot long be with you.

Richford. Some of our members take great interest in the I. O. G. T. The annual meeting of the Champlain District was held in Richford, Wednesday, June 7. Mr. Geo. W. Beaman presided over the business meeting, and has gone to Des Moines, Iowa, at delegate from the Grand Lodge of Vermont. Rev. Dr. Hyde presided over the public meeting, and delivered an excellent address. Children's Day was observed last Sunday morning. Flowers and singing birds were there. The children did the singing during service, and Rev. J. H. Wallace preached an excellent sermon to them.

West Swanton. Children's Day services were held at the usual hour of service. Rev. J. S. Tupper, by special invitation, addressed the young people.

W. F. M. S.—Miss Harvey is doing extensive missionary work on the district, with good success. People only need information, with solicitation, and they will do for good causes.

Children's Day was observed in many places—Keenough Falls, Waitsfield, St. Albans Bay, Franklin, West Keenough, West Milton, Stowe and other charges—with much interest and large attendance. Rev. R. L. Bruce, at St. Albans, baptized five beautiful children, after proclaiming: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it." Truly they are full of capacity, and with right culture and discipline, how strong the just bias to the Christ who loves us! A number of charges will observe the day later in the season.

Preachers' Meeting.—The district Ministerial Meeting will be held at Morrisville the second week in July.

Keenough Falls.—Rev. L. O. Sherburne delivered the sermon to the high school graduating class, at Opera Hall, Sabbath afternoon.

MAINE CONFERENCE.

Portland District.

The committee on Ministerial Association, by the advice of quite a number of preachers, think it best to postpone the June meeting.

Ellet.—The pastor is leading the people along the lines of consecration, devoted work, and spiritual experience; some are seeking the Lord, and the workers are looking and praying for "showers of blessings."

June 11, Bro. Porter preached a missionary sermon, and the people multiplied their former offering, which will take them well up in class first, and Sabbath-school and other offerings are yet to follow. One church after another is marching up the column.

Congress Street had a grand day, June 11, the Sabbath-school having an attendance of 287. The congregation was very large, and several children were baptized. What more appropriate time than Children's Day for children's baptism? In the evening followed a concert, which was one of the very best.

Berwick.—There were three seeking Christ on the Sabbath of the 11th, one the 13th, and

two the 14, making 56 received on probation since February.

Bideford.—Children's Day was appropriately observed at the Post Street Church, Bideford, on June 13. In the morning the pastor, Rev. W. S. McIntire, gave one of his interesting black-board sermons to the children, and in the afternoon he preached to the heads of families on the important subject of "Home making." As are the homes, so will be the society and the country. In the evening the Sunday-school gave for a concert "Columbia's Defense" with variations. The pastor, though a busy man, finds time to give some Epworth League addresses and deliver against the saloon some hard blows straight on from the shoulder.

Saco had one of its best concerts on Children's Day, with Sabbath-school and chorale led by Howard Knight and solo by Bro. Lewis.

Keenough had a very interesting Children's Day. A sermon for the little ones was an object lesson. All the children were interested in the subject of "Spiritual Influence," illustrated with experiments on the attractive force of a magnet—and what interests children interests young old folks. In the evening the Sunday-school had a good concert, an interesting program of songs and recitations being finely carried out. The "Rainbow" and "Fan Exercise" especially delighted the large audience. The collection for Education was not forgotten.

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE.

Sullivan.—The people of this charge are highly pleased to have Rev. J. A. Weed returned to them as their pastor for the third year. Everything gives promise of a successful year. Bro. Weed is telling hard, and is being rewarded by seeing the work prosper. Four were baptized at the first quarterly meeting.

FREE TO HOME SEEKERS.

The *Newport News Herald* is the name of a newspaper just issued, giving valuable information regarding the agricultural, mineral and other resources of South Dakota.

This new State is enjoying a wonderful prosperity, and any person looking for a desirable location, or interested in obtaining information concerning the diversified resources of South Dakota, will be mailed a copy of this paper free of charge by sending their address to W. A. Thrall, General Passenger Agent Northwestern Line, Chicago.

WORLD-WIDE AGITATION AND PROGRESS.

The work of the churches shrinks in volume and changes in methods during the summer. The summer charities are as needful and as numerous as the winter charities. The extreme heat is more endurable by the subjects of charity than the extreme cold. Self-help is easier in summer than in winter. The forms of summer charity are intrinsically beautiful. The fresh air recreations, the flower and fruit missions, the excursions by rail and boat, are more popular than any form of winter charities. The collections taken by the daily press for the ice charity and fresh-air funds serve to give wide diffusion to the needs of impoverished men, women and children. They furnish evidences of progress, for some of these charities originated within the last few years.

Floating Hospital.

St. John's Guild, of New York city, has accepted the official request of the Board of Health, and this summer it will give a free excursion on the Floating Hospital every day. With only five trips each week the Guild carried last year a total of 42,584 children, with their mothers, on day trips into the Atlantic and back; and at its Seaside Hospital at New Dorp, Staten Island, it cared for 1,384 mothers and sick children. All this was in addition to the work done at its city hospital and by its corps of visiting physicians.

There is a newly-organized special relief work corps in New York, which will spend all its time visiting sick children at their homes. The Board of Health and the physicians of the city agree that the work of no charity in New York is more effective than the summer work of the Guild among the children. The Guild has been in existence twenty-seven years, and has been increasing its facilities each year.

True Royalty.

Princess Augusta of Bavaria, whose engagement to Prince Joseph Augustus of Austria was announced last week, is a lover of the country, and may be often seen wandering about the farms on the estates of the summer homes of her parents and grandparents, talking with the peasants and encouraging them in their hard, dreary work.

An American Jewish Hospital in Jerusalem.

American Israelites resident in Jerusalem have made an appeal for the founding of a hospital there. Their numbers are the largest in the city. The American Consul, Selah Merrill, says "it is greatly needed."

Diocesan Episcopacy.

Bishop Huntington, of the Central New York diocese, asks for relief by an assistant or a division of his diocese, which includes 125 parishes and missions in twelve counties, with over 16,000 communicants.

Flag Day Observed.

June 14 was the 116th anniversary of the adoption of the Stars and Stripes as the national flag of the United States. Two or three years ago the Connecticut Society of the Sons of the American Revolution publicly proposed that June 14 should be observed with a general display of the American flag. The idea has spread rapidly over the country. Mayor Gilroy of New York is in favor of such a display, on every fitting occasion, and considers that it is of great value as a means of inculcating patriotic principles. There were interesting exercises at Philadelphia in which Betty Ross lived when she sewed the first American flag. This old house is still standing at No. 230 Arch St., and the little room in which was the sewing room of Betty Ross still remains practically unchanged. The house is intended its construction. When Congress, in 1777, appointed a committee to design a flag, General Washington and Robert Morris called upon Betty Ross, and asked her to make a flag after a design furnished to

made under the direction of Congress, was the same as the flag of today, except that the stars numbered thirteen, were six pointed, and were arranged in a circle. Mrs. Ross suggested that the stars be five pointed, as they were easier to make, and her suggestion was adopted, first by the committee, and afterward by Congress, on June 14, 1777. By a resolution of Congress she was paid \$14, 12 1/2, 24 for flags made for the fleet in the Delaware River. She afterward got the contract to make all the government flags.

Religious Movements in Great Britain.

The early morning adult school and the Pleasant Sunday Afternoon movements in Great Britain seem to be kindred movements for reaching poor, ignorant, or vicious men. A paper was read by J. E. Smith during the recent sessions of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, in which he said: "Within a radius of four miles of Birmingham, there are six or eight adult morning schools, attended by over two thousand working-men studying God's Word at 7.30 every Sunday morning. . . . What real nobility of character I have seen in some of these men, what sacrifices some will make to call up a weak brother. One of my scholars, a man who five years ago spent his Saturday night in a public house and his Sunday morning till eleven or twelve o'clock in bed, and never crossed the threshold of a place of worship, now so manifests the new life, is such an out-and-out disciple of his Lord and Master that every Sunday morning last year he left his house in all weathers at 6 A. M., and walked nearly three miles before he reached school at 7.30 to call for four men. Not only did he call them up, but he would assist them in their toilet, and often help the kettle and get a cup of tea ready." A paper was also read by Jas. Branch on the P. S. A. movement, in which he said: "In some of the large towns where it has achieved remarkable success it is not unusual for 2,000 or 3,000 men to gather in churches or town halls, on the Sunday afternoon. In many cases much good has been done. It has drawn together the clergymen of all denominations to take part in these unsectarian gatherings, and this exhibition of Christian charity and wide sympathy with working-men has been fruitful of good results."

Light That is Darkness.

President Patton preached to the graduating Princeton students on "Light that is Darkness." He said: "Our great danger is not immigration, nor the export of gold, nor the wrong ideas of the tariff, nor State Socialism. Our danger is that we are losing sight of the great heritage of the Puritan—faith in manhood, allegiance to conscience, and belief in God. We are having false standards of values, false estimates of life, and we are in the beginning of an era of episcopacy that makes men idolatry, wealth. The outcome of it is, that what might be the light of the world is darkness."

The Prospects of Papalizing America.

Satoli, the Papal Ablegate, was greatly honored during his visit to Trenton last week. He said: "If ever the Catholic Church is to spread over the face of this land and gather within the one fold, under the one shepherd, the many nationalities and the diverse creeds, this desirable consummation must come from a thoroughly united priesthood. The kindly words and acts which I have met on all sides since my arrival in the United States make me think that this consummation is not a dream beyond possible realization, provided only that we respect and hold aloft true Americanism, and provide that we ourselves are closely united under our chief and father, the Sovereign Pontiff."

Theosophical Sabbath-School.

Miss Chapin, of Brooklyn, conducts a Theosophical Sabbath-school. She says: "We teach the children practically the same things they learn in a Christian Sunday school. We hold Christ up to them as an ideal, and we read to them from the Bible and inculcate the precepts of morality. We tell them there is but one God, and we talk to them of the spirit and the soul, and familiarize them with the Sabatist words for body, soul, spirit, mind, God, etc. We teach them that the kingdom of heaven is within them, and we tell them there is a hereafter."

Charity and Work in New York.

Superintendent Byrnes reports that his estimate of the number of men who regularly sleep in cheap lodging-houses of New York city varies from 40,000 to 45,000 throughout the year. At least 1,200 more sleep every night in the police station-houses. These are of a more degraded class than the others. Throughout the lower counties of New York State, in New Jersey, and in Connecticut, it is a regular practice of the town authorities to ship off to New York city any persons who are likely to become a public charge at home. The reasons why men are unable to find work are, first, incompetency; second, laziness; third, intemperance; and last and least, old age and sickness.

American Bible Society.

The American Bible Society has concluded its 77th year. Its total issues number 57,000. Rev. H. B. Pratt has completed the translation of the Bible into Spanish, upon which he had been engaged continuously for nearly seven years. The printing of the Modern Syriac Bible under the oversight of Dr. Larrabee is now so far advanced that work will probably be completed an early day. In Constantinople, the committee have in charge the preparation of the text of the Ancient Armenian Bible are making progress in their work. Three Gospels have been translated into Kordish. In Bangkok, Mr. Carrington has revised portions of the Siamese Scriptures which were passing through the press, and has himself translated

the Song of Solomon from the Hebrew into Siamese.

Catholic Summer School.

Speaking of the Catholic Summer School, Cardinal Gibbons says: "Our clergy and laity have never had any central meeting place where all could gather without awkwardness and amicably discuss questions of interest to all. I look to a time not far distant, I hope, when more than one Catholic summer school will flourish in convenient sections of the country. The great West has splendid material for a summer school, and no doubt will soon begin an enterprise of her own."

An American Leader for a Forward Movement in London.

It will be well remembered that the Independents of London have desired to initiate a forward movement there similar to the West End Mission of Hugh Price Hughes and his co-laborers in St. James' Hall. Rev. R. F. Horton was invited to lead it, but declined. An American pastor, Rev. A. H. Bradford, D. D., of Montclair, N. J., has now been invited to summer leadership. He has accepted an invitation for August and September from Westminster Chapel, which is the largest Congregational church building in England, and the people are now considering the advisability of making it what will practically be a Congregational Cathedral for London. Dr. Bradford is the intimate friend of Rev. R. F. Horton, who was the recent Yale lecturer on Preaching. He has preached in the English Independent Churches annually in recent years, and is very popular as a leader of progressive orthodoxy and the sociological work of the churches.

Attention is called to the advertisement of Merritt C. Beale relative to excursion to Epworth Conference at Cleveland, and to Chicago. Slight additional reductions are made along the route.

Any Christian family desiring excellent home near Boston, would do well to address "Parsonage," care of Zion's Herald.

The season has come when most every one is planning for an excursion or a vacation at the sea-shore or the mountains. Among the most attractive and desirable places on the coast for rest and recuperation, is the Bay View, at Ferry Beach, Me. This hotel, which has for years been under the successful management of Mrs. E. M. Manson and son, has a high reputation as a family home. While removed from the noise and confusion of busy trains, it is easy of access by a narrow gauged road which runs from Old Orchard to Ferry Beach, connecting with all the through trains of the Boston & Maine Railroad. The situation of the Bay View is one of the most favorable for enjoying the cool breezes from the ocean, and all the outdoor privileges, which make it one of the most beautiful and attractive places on the coast. For particulars address Mr. A. C. Manson, manager, or Mrs. E. M. Manson, proprietor, Bay View, Me.

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RAYMOND'S VACATION EXCURSIONS.

ALL TRAVELING EXPENSES INCLUDED.

THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION

The grandest Exposition the world has ever seen is now complete in every department. Nothing remains unfulfilled. The Raymond & Whitcomb Grand Hotel, at which our parties journey, is a permanent brick structure of the best class, only four stories in height, splendidly furnished, and in a beautiful location, in the residence section of the city, near the Exposition grounds, and exposed to the lake breezes, is unrivaled. Passengers are landed at a special station only a single block distant, and an entrance to the Exposition grounds is directly opposite the hotel. While many parties for the coming months are long since booked, the following dates are still open to the public: an early registration, however, is advised. June 25 and 29. July 5, 6, 8, 11, 12, 14, 15, 17, 18, 21, 22, 25, 26, 27, 29. July 12 and 26 and August 11 give two weeks' enjoyment in Chicago.

Colorado Tours: Four remaining Excursions to the most famous Rocky Mountain Resorts, July 17, August 25, September 11, and October 5. Summer Alaska Trips: Two 25 day Excursions, July 8 and 22. Yellowstone National Park: A 27 day Tour, August 20. Yellowstone National Park and California: A Tour of 22 days, August 30. East End shore parties will have a week at the World's Fair.

Ten Summer and Autumn Tours to Eastern Resorts in July, August, and September.

27th Street descriptive book, mentioning the particular tour desired, and the rates, sent on request.

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